WILL NEW COLORED MOVIES BANKRUPT GIANT FILM CONCERNS?

Movie Weekly

TEN CENTS

Sept. 15
1923

Can a Small Town Girl Know Life?

BEGINNING
The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband
Page 3

Mae MARSH
ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 32

A scene during the taking of *"Souls for Sale,"* with *Richard Dix* directing *Eleanor Boardman.*

WILL the PUBLIC be BARRED from MOVIE STUDIOS ?

Coming

A New Order

From the small town of Hollywood on the West Coast, where nine-tenths of all movies are made, comes the rumor, soft and persistent, that the public is to be excluded from the studios.

"Too many sightseers," is the explanation, who distract the actors at their work and are responsible for various and costly faults that are now appearing upon the screen.

Recently an incident occurred which angered the studio managers. A hurried conference was held. On the decision of that conference hangs the future pleasure of every movie fan in the country who ever hopes to visit Hollywood.

The inside story of the new ukase will appear in next week's Movie Weekly, together with 14 other features of special interest to the fan.

On the news-stands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

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Beginning The CONFESSIONS OF A MOVIE STAR'S HUSBAND

She Was a Choir Singer Who Became a Famous Movie Star, While He Was Just Her Honest Unromantic Husband Who Loved Her Devotedly. Did the Silver Trail of Screen Fame Lead Them to the Happiness He Had Pictured When He First Saw Her Across the Sawdust Trail of the Billy Sunday Tabernacle? Read and Learn What Screen Fame Brought Them.

I was intoxicated with the nearness of her warm young body.

MY wife is one of the most beautiful women in America. Probably she is one of your favorites. Some of you may treasure her autograph. I think the last estimate showed that about eighteen thousand girls and young men had her picture tacked up over the bureau. Of her they say she has the most sympathetically lovely features on the screen. Her figure is slender, graceful and seductive. She is charming, gracious and magnetic. More than that, she knows how to act, which is more than can be said of 95 per cent. of the famous women in the moving pictures. I do not mean that she is a Duse or a Bernhardt. But I do mean to say that when she smiles, something warm and alive stirs within one, and when the tears come to her eyes—not glycerine tears but the real article—one wants to cry with her, or comfort her and make her smile again. Her art matches her beauty, which is saying a great deal.

On the screen, her name is Vivian LeClaire. Her real name is Mrs. Henry W. Morton. Need I add that I am Henry W. Morton? But people are beginning to call me instead Mr. Vivian LeClaire. It is a threadworn joke, but it is a fact.

Now how would you like to be in my shoes? How would you feel to know that the girl you married—at a time when she had never seen the inside of a picture studio—had grown suddenly and irresistibly famous? That a whole civilization admired her and desired her? That in the place where she worked she was being brought constantly in contact with the handsomest men on the continent, men selected because of their physical magnetism and attractiveness? What would you do if you knew that these men were rehearsing with her love scenes of the most intense passion, of fiery ardor? Wouldn't you fear sometimes that the flaming impulses which they counterfeited might turn into realities?

Suppose that you were sitting at your desk in your office attending to your worldly affairs—I am in the smoked herring business—and and then would shut your eyes long enough to remember that your wife was out in Carson City enfolded in the strong embrace of a white-haired boy six feet two in his stockings, with blacksmith muscles and hungry eyes. Wouldn't you feel like running out there and taking her home?

It is not a simple problem. Being the husband of a beautiful woman has always been a responsibility. But being the husband of a beautiful movie star who is popular, because she knows how to play love scenes ravishingly, is very like a nightmare, unless——

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the name I have taken in this story of my life is not my real name. Had I made my true identity known I never could have talked so freely, nor taken the reader so fully into my confidence, as I have done. No, my real name must remain hidden, but even as it lies unrevealed, the vital pulsing secrets of my heart are laid bare—for all to see. Read and then place yourself in my place. I shall tell all and then ask only one thing: WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

IT is about the "unless" part that I want to tell you. There is a way in which the husband of a movie star can be happy. Some people might not like the path on which I am now traveling. They might call it immoral. They might feel that such an attitude as mine would debauch the decency which mankind proclaims but seldom practices. I want it fully understood in the beginning that I am making no apologies. I think I have found the only sensible solution to the problem. If I am wrong, well, I am wrong, that's all. But right or wrong, I am satisfied, and that's a great deal.

The only reason that I am writing this story is from a sense of personal pride. Husbands of movie stars are ordinarily regarded as poor sticks. The general tendency is to snicker at them. At best, they are regarded as something a little less useful than an appendix. It may be necessary to

cut them out at any moment. Now I am not that kind of husband. I have a deep and abiding self-respect. I want the American public to know my attitude in regard to my wife. Perhaps my attitude may not be popular, but whether it is or not, I want it to be known.

That is the reason I have had the temerity to publish my personal story, the story not only of Henry M. Morton, but the story of the husband of Vivian LeClaire. And I believe, after reading it, that you will not only understand my viewpoint and the viewpoint of other husbands of movie stars with whom I am acquainted out here in Hollywood, but that also you will know the inner mystery of this gorgeous creature whom you admire, a mystery which she cannot disclose herself, an enigma known only to one person in the world, and that person myself, Henry W. Morton, her husband.

IN ORDER to reveal the really tremendous moral issues involved in my conflict with the problems of my marriage, it will be necessary for me to tell you the truth about myself. Other men placed as I am placed might have met the situation with a readier complaisance, but I am what I am and had to fight it out with the weapons with which Nature provided me.

In the first place, I was never handsome. Not even my own mother would dispute this. By this I do not mean to say that I am ugly. Sometimes, when I look at myself in the glass after a clean shave, and adjust my latest cravat, I find something there to admire. But I am no Adonis. If anything, my nose is a little too pudgy, my face a little too round, my eyes a little too small, and of an uncertain and wavering green. In height I am not much above five foot six, and now that I am in my middle thirties, there is a distinct tendency to girth. After meals I sometimes find it necessary to loosen my belt a trifle.

When I was a younger man, I was probably better looking—not much better, perhaps, but still better. I was always a great boy for Sunday School and church.

My mother was a Baptist, a very strict one, in fact, and so soon as I was able to toddle around the block by myself, I was sent to Sunday School. The first tune I ever learned in my life was "Yes, Jesus loves me," and even to this day I sometimes stop my work long enough to hum that familiar old tune:—

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

Can you imagine the husband of Vivian LeClaire singing a song like that? Let me say that I sang it and liked it. I grew up in the Sunday School; in fact, I was Secretary of the Baraca Bible Class, and was an usher in Billy Sunday's tabernacle. In fact, it was in the glory choir of Billy Sunday's campaign that I met Vivian.

At that time there was not a more correct young man in the United States than myself. My mother was hoping that I would feel the call and enter the ministry, and sometimes, especially when Billy Sunday preached his famous sermon, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," the best that he ever preached, I was tempted to become a preacher. As a matter of fact, it was Vivian who saved me from that temptation, Vivian—who has made so many other queer changes in my life. Even before I was introduced to her, I used to sit on the vast stage of the tabernacle and look up at her face adoringly as she stood there with the blue-backed Rodeheaver Hymnal in her hand, singing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are.' I think I may fairly claim to have been the original discoverer of her great beauty. Of course she had plenty of beaux. I think the leader of the choir himself had picked her out for his future wife. He was a very handsome man with sleek brown hair, and a face like Rudolph Valentino's. He used to bring Vivian to the tabernacle and take her home, and I think he was well on the way with his courtship, when one evening a most distressing accident occurred.

VIVIAN had come down the platform during the trail-hitting climax to the evangelistic campaign, intending to help in the work of salvaging the sin-stricken souls on their way up the sawdust trail. She passed right by me, and the fragrance of her came over me like a beautiful cloud. She did not look at me, but I was looking at her with all my eyes, and the absurd impulse was in me to grab her and kiss her, in front of the twenty thousand people in the tabernacle. I blushed all over and tingled from head to foot. It was the first time I had ever been so close to her. A great many things happened to me in just those few moments.

For one thing, I knew that I was in love with her, that she was the one woman, the girl whose picture I wanted to carry in my watch case, the girl whom I wanted to lead down the church aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn, the girl who—but there my correct imagination stopped. I also decided that I would never be a preacher. A preacher could never make enough money to keep a girl like that in the style she was entitled to. I had visions of her teaching a class of little girls and of myself teaching a class of little boys every Sunday morning in the Sunday School. And do you know I have never, in all the years of my married life, had the nerve to tell Vivian that I entertained such thoughts.

But my mind was full of them as I stood there, red and gaping after her like an awkward loon, as she hurried down the stairs. She was nearing the bottom, when an iron stanchion in the floor tripped her and she fell. The only time in all my life that I have ever acted in any way after the fashion of the movie heroes with whom my wife now daily associates, was then.

I gave a little cry and leaped down the stairs, picked her up in my arms, and holding her closely to me, carried her back up the aisle through the door at the rear, and down the long pine board tunnel in the direction of the temporary hospital at the back of the building. The shock of the fall had made her unconscious. As I carried her through the shadowy corridor, my mind was full of the most diverse and exciting thoughts. I was terribly afraid that Vivian was badly hurt. I was jubilant that the choir leader was so busy conducting his choir that he could not come to her assistance. I was intoxicated with the nearness of her warm young body.

Moreover, I was tempted to the devil, as I thought then, to kiss her. Her pale face nestling against my shoulder seemed to me like an invitation to sin. The lovely arch of her lips was intensely alluring, but I did not yield. I told myself fiercely that I would be a miserable wretch to take such an advantage of an innocent and helpless girl. Smother-

"My dear," said I, as *Vivian* read on with brightened eyes, "I am going to send your picture in to that beauty contest."

ing my passion, I walked manfully on until I had brought her to the emergency hospital, which I found, to my surprise, was deserted. The nurse who was supposed to be in attendance had probably been overcome by religious fervor and deserted her post for the more attractive spectacle of trail hitting and soul saving.

Alone in the little pine-boarded room, I laid her tender and pliant form down on the cot. I soaked a handkerchief in cold water and began bathing her temples, murmuring to her all the while loving words, secure in the belief that she was still unconscious and could not hear me. Suddenly she opened her eyes. She glanced at me wildly, like a frightened bird that was caught in a trap. Then she cried out in agony.

"My leg, oh! how it hurts!"

"Where does it hurt you?" I asked.

WITH a quick movement of her hand she indicated her ankle. I felt terribly embarrassed. The proprieties consumed me, and yet here was a girl in distress. What was I going to do?

"You—you had better let me—I—er—can I—do anything—is there anything I can do?" I asked desperately.

"I think my ankle is broken," she faltered. "I had better look."

I felt simply terrible. Outside I could hear the mighty chorus of twenty thousand voices raised in the exultant hymn of "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." But here I was, in a really dreadful predicament. There was no one to whom I could appeal for assistance, and yet Vivian was plainly in agony. Suddenly I cast all propriety and discretion to the winds.

"Look here," I blurted. "There is no one else I can call just now. Where are you hurt? You've got to let me help you. I'll shut my eyes."

She gave me a frightened glance, and then, without a word, released her garter and pulled down her black silk stocking, exposing a beautiful, curved, white ankle. I cannot describe my emotion at this moment. I was torn between shame and a complete and charming sense of delight.

"It hurts terribly," she gasped.

"Maybe—maybe—you can rub it," I suggested.

"I—I can't reach it. It hurts!" she cried, falling back on the cot with a groan.

Then I said solemnly:

"I will rub it."

And I was still rubbing it when the choir leader came in.

After that singular introduction, Vivian and I of course became fast friends. Day by day in every way I was edging the sleek-haired choir leader farther and farther out of his former place in her affections. The upshot of it was that the day came when the choir leader received his final dismissal after Vivian had accepted a modest brilliant for the fourth finger of her left hand, for which I had paid fifty dollars down and ten dollars a week. Her mother and father were delighted that Vivian was to marry a substantial young man with excellent prospects, and my mother and father were equally pleased that I had selected not only a beautiful girl, but a good, Christian, church-going, choir-singing, Sunday School class teaching, charity working, godly and soul-saved girl. There was not a single objection anywhere. Everybody was happy. But none so happy as I.

I have often wondered what would have transpired if I had been gifted with the eyes of a prophet and could have seen two short years ahead.

But I am not a prophet. I am a merchant of smoked herrings. So Vivian and I were married.

We took a little flat consisting of the second floor of a private house in a respectable quarter of our city, and settled down to a domesticity which, to me, was supremely satisfying. Our social situation contented me utterly. From among the members of our church congregation our friends were drawn. We went to strawberry socials in the summer and indoor festivals in the winter. We arranged Christmas and Easter parties for a children. Sometimes I would smile blandly to myself and say:

"What a whirl life is! What a whirl, what a whirl!"

Well, it is a whirl.

Everything would have been perfectly all right if I had not acted like a damn fool. To this very day Vivian might have been the teacher of the Ephthatha Class for girls. She might even have been the leading soprano in the choir if I had not transformed our entire existence by one utterly idiotic remark.

"Your soul must wake up my darling. I want to draw the love out of you through your lips."

Over the supper table one evening I said to her:

"Vivian, my darling, do you know that I think you are the most beautiful girl in the United States?"

"Now what have you done?" she asked me.

"No, I mean it," I said. "I believe you are more beautiful than Mary Pickford. I believe your eyes can do more tricks than Theda Bara's."

"And why," asked she, "do you tell me all this just when I am about to serve the roast?"

And right here is where I made an idiot of myself.

"Look at this," I suggested, and gave her a copy of the Evening News. Emblazoned on the back page was a huge, black type announcement of a beauty contest. They were asking for photographs to be submitted of beautiful women, and the committee of eminent judges, including, if I remember correctly, Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior, John Murray Anderson, Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, and a few other specialists in feminine charms, were to pass final judgment..

"My dear," said I, as Vivian read on with brightened eyes, "I am going to send your picture in to that beauty contest."

"Oh, Henry," she said. Of course she was pleased, and of course a new picture must be taken. I think it was the busiest week the photographer ever had in our town. And then after that came weeks and weeks and weeks first of expectancy and suspense, and then, as the decision dragged on, we thought less and less of it, until finally, when September had come, we had practically forgotten it.

But one morning the telephone rang in my office and Vivian at the other end was screaming:

"Henry, the prize, the beauty prize—I think it's mine!

"What!" I shouted. "How do you know?"

"The News office has sent for me to come right down and be inspected! Oh, darling, aren't you thrilled!"

"Thrilled doesn't express it, honey. Run right down there and call me back the minute you get out."

In a very short time indeed I was again listening to Vivian's excited voice.

"I've won. I've won!" she cried. "I am the most beautiful woman in the world."

"What!" I shouted. "Are you absolutely certain Vivie?"

"Well, if a check for one thousand dollars and

(*Continued on page* 29)

And so they were Married — in the MOVIES

"She's 'Mine to Keep,'" cries *Bryant Washburn*, as he gives his rival the laugh in this elopement scene from *"Mine to Keep."* The girl is *Mabel Forrest.*

Buster Keaton looks as if *Natalie Talmadge* were watching him pretty closely in this waiting for the pastor scene with *Margaret Leahy* in *"Three Ages."*

One meaning of the word "success:" *Lloyd Hughes* looking into the brimming eyes of *Madge Bellamy* at the final close-up of *"Are You a Failure?"*

"I beg your pardon but what are you saying?" asks *Monte Blue*, in the noisy wedding scene from *"Brass."* Looks as if *Marie Prevost* heard the love and honor, but couldn't quite get the "obey."

What *"Hollywood"* brought to *Hope Drown* and *G. K. Arthur*, a picture engagement and a wedding breakfast.

Can a SMALL TOWN GIRL know Life?

"YES!" says LYNN FONTANNE

Popular young actress discusses a *girl's opportunity in small communities* for obtaining knowledge of the world

An interview with **Regina Cannon**

"The girls on Main Street," said Miss Fontanne, "have much better times than the girls on Broadway."

CAN a small town girl know life?

"Indeed she can," declared Lynn Fontanne as she applied the scented powder to the most provocative nose we've ever seen. Maybe you're objecting to such an ordinary every-day feature as a nose being called *provocative,* but please gaze at the alluring profile on this page and if a nose by any other name could smell as sweet things as the perfume and flowers and sachets that fairly littered Miss Fontanne's dressing table, why name your own adjective—but "provocative" is our story and we're going to stick to it.

By now you've probably guessed that we were back-stage at the Ritz Theater in New York where Miss Lynn Fontanne is playing the dainty heroine in a new comedy called "In Love With Love." She is the only girl character of any importance in the play and the locale is a small town.

There are three young men in the play who are "all for one" and that one is Lynn Fontanne. And incidentally Miss Fontanne is the one who is for for all, for it takes all three acts of the play before she can decide, by process of elimination, which man is to be the one and only. Surely no city girl would have had more beaux to dispose of at one time.

"You know," continued Miss Fontanne, "the girls on Main Street have much better times than the girls on Broadway. I'm sure of it. I've been both places. In a small town one easily becomes acquainted with everybody and people are more congenial and less stand-offish. You can live in the city for months, though, and not even have a bowing acquaintance with your next door neighbor. I know that, too, from experience.

"When I came to New York I lived in a house five months and didn't know a soul. That never would have happened in Weeweeden or Oskaloosa or Red Gap. Someone would have spoken and introduced me to her friends, but not in New York or Chicago or Detroit."

MISS FONTANNE proceeded to darken her delicately arched eyebrows. .

"Well, why do you suppose so many girls are anxious to come to New York?" we ventured.

"Of course," returned Miss Fontanne, "it is the Land of Opportunity. Most girls come for a job, not for pleasure. The idea of good times in a big city may be in the back of their heads. but it isn't really the big vital thing that brings them to a city.

"I have friends living in a small town in Wisconsin," she continued, applying the rouge generously, "and they wouldn't live any place else. They have their Ford and race about town and have a perfectly good time. They have just loads of friends and there is something going on all the time."

Our hostess was slipping into an attractive little sports dress that she wears in the first scene in the play.

"Do you think," we queried, "that a girl comes to the city to meet a certain class of people—say, artists or writers or movie people?"

"Not the average girl," replied our hostess. "Of course it may be an individual girl's ambition, but most girls come to work. The idea that they come 'to see life' is erroneous, I believe. In the first place it takes money to see life or anything else for that matter,—expect possibly the Bronx Zoo or the Public Library—and few people come to the city with more than enough money to get started on their chosen work. After they've secured a job and are making money and have a little leisure time. then they think about their social life. but not before."

Miss Fontanne put on a trig little tam.

"I'm ready," she announced. "how do I look?"

"Perfectly fine. You might give us a few beauty hints to tell the fans,' we suggested.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Will the New Colored Bankrupt Giant

and utter financial ruin stares every movie magnate in the face. The rocks that wreck the strongest ships of financial success are ahead, leering up out of those shadows that sometimes cast certain warnings of disaster.

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, who is said to be devoting much time and thought to the new colored movies.

Perfection of *new colored movies* said to presage ruin for all black and white photography—*Maude Adams* among those interested

By T. Howard Kelly

TODAY the richest and most influential capitalists and producers in the motion picture industry are living in the shadows of a great fear. These shadows have been gathering for a long time. With each new invention calculated to advance the art and technique of silent drama they have lengthened and deepened into sinister proportions. Men like Zukor, Goldwyn and Fox who furnish us with a large percentage of our silver screen entertainment are, at this present writing, anxiously wondering if the moment destined to crystallize their foreboding into reality is at hand.

Their anxiety, brimful of harrowing suspense, is born of the grim knowledge that, eventually, somebody laboring in the seclusion of a scientific laboratory, must touch the magic button that will entirely revolutionize the commercialization of moving pictures.

If the person who touches this button is not in their employment these mighty men of filmdom will fall from power . . . from riches, and from the pinnacle of success which they now occupy after a long and uncertain struggle as pioneers in a business which starting as an experimental adventure, has become an art and an industry partially through their efforts.

In plain English the tragic fate of bankruptcy

This situation is the direct outcome of the fact that a radical change is due to occur in the matter of presenting motion pictures. The moment this change, now dependent upon an invention, takes place in reality, we will see the dawn of doomsday for scores of movie magnates and picture companies.

Color is the element which is bound to bring about a revolutionary change in the present manner of producing dramatic entertainment through the medium of photography. It is the thing that will inevitably make one man, or one organization, the only successful motion picture organization in existence while it reduces all others to the poorhouse.

When will the colored motion picture process be discovered, or invented, to such a degree of mechanical perfection that it will be practical for all purposes of movie production?

I might safely answer this question by replying, —"today—tomorrow or next year!"

Already there have been several near-successful exploitations of natural colors in picture photography. But, the colored movie has not yet arrived to stay. It is still the secret that remains unsolved by science, in spite of the fact that hundreds of scientific and technical experts are working night and day to produce the magic formula that will give a new quality to film entertainment.

AT any moment the telegraph wires of the country may tingle with the startling announcement that the colored film has arrived in final form of perfection. It is for this reason that the eyes of influential picture producers are focussed upon those places where it is known that experiments in color photography are being carried on at the expense of millions of dollars.

Up in a mystery-veiled scientific laboratory of Schenectady, New York, Maude Adams, who has made millions laugh and cry over her stage version of the greatest legendary play, "Peter Pan," is experimenting with a formula for colored motion pictures. What she has accomplished during the past few months of her research work has not yet been made public.

But, today, it is the belief of those who are closest to the lovable star that she has just about found the magic switch which, when pulled, will so completely revolutionize the making of motion pictures until

Anna May Wong, the pretty little Chinese actress, in a scene from *"The Toll of the Sea,"* a successful colored motion picture.

Motion Picture Process Film Concerns ?

The buildings of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, where the recent experients in colored movies have been made.

the millionaire movie magnates of the present will be the country's bankrupts of tomorrow.

The belief that Miss Adams has been successful in her secret ventures with the problem of color photograph is increasing the fear now existing in the hearts and minds of every motion picture capitalist and magnate in the United States. For a month they have been waiting and watching to see what she will achieve as a result of her ambition to discover the secret of colored movies. Her success will certainly mean financial ruin to wealthy picture magnates because the person or corporation that discovers and invents the practical means of reflecting natural colors on the silver screen will control the color movies which are, as all students within the industry realize, destined to become the motion picture entertainment of the future.

Maude Adams, famous American actress, known to be interested in the new colored process of motion picture art.

The element of color is the one thing that can effect a radical change in the production of drama for the silver sheet. But, as I have stated, colored movies have not yet arrived in their final state. The idea has not been perfected for all of the practical purposes of motion picture production. When this idea reaches its final development, inasmuch as practicality is concerned, the black and white silent drama of the moment will be relegated to the discards overnight.

Miss Adams has been conducting her experiments under the auspices of the General Electric Company. In the event of her success this rich and powerful corporation will be in a position to dominate the entire film industry for this organization alone will be able to produce the new kind of movies . . . movies, warm and fascinating, with the appeal of natural color!

A glance at the powers-that-be in the picture industry of today discloses that Famous-Players Lasky, Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan, Metro, Universal, United Artists, Fox, and a few other companies represent organizations that have millions upon millions invested in studios, contracts with stars and directors, and in the various equipment needed for modern picture production.

Suppose for one moment that Miss Maude Adams should announce tonight she has realized the dream and hope of hundreds of scientists who have interested themselves in the matter of making perfect colored movies on a practical basis. Suppose she also announced that tomorrow she will release a feature picture, exploiting and demonstating her success.

What would be the lightning-like effect of these announcements?

IMMEDIATELY there would be an unprecedented demand for prints of her startling production. Broadway always feverish with the desire to present the newest thing in any phase of drama would bid beyond all reason to obtain a first run of the picture. Of course theaters owned by companies that will be adversely effected by the success of Maude Adams would not bid. They would do all in the power to keep her picture from the public.

But, for the sake of speculation let us grant that the heroine of Peter Pan gave the first run rights to a picture palace along the Rialto like the Capitol. Shortly afterwards prints of the picture find their way to all of the cities, towns and villages of the country. The moving picture public having once seen colored movies waits eagerly for new pictures done in natural color tones. The General Electric Company suddenly turns all of its effort towards the production of motion pictures.

What would happen to the motion picture industry as we know it now?

I daresay that within two years Famous-Players Lasky, Fox Film Corporation, Metro, Universal and all of the other units I have named would turn off the Kleig lights in the vast acres of crystal-roofed studios. Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, Goldwyn and other big guns in the industry of today would be most likely selling their picture property for junk, and thinking of starting all over again at the bottom of the movie ladder where most of them began before amassing their present huge fortunes.

This is speculation based purely upon the hypothesis that in the event Miss Adams and the General Electric Company find success they will retain the patent rights to their invention which would exclude any others from making colored movies by their method.

Of course, as far as the fans are concerned, they are interested primarily in what would become of

(*Continued on page* 31)

DANCING—A Short Cut to Screen Fame

Ann Little, the well-known screen actress, and *Arthur Murray,* in the act dancing the tango.

Arthur Murray and *Mimi Palmeri,* the popular screen star, are here seen illustrating a new dance step on the *Biltmore* roof.

Why those who *shake a wicked ankle* have the best chance for success in the movies

By Arthur Murray

IF YOU were to make a list of today's biggest stars, it would contain enough names to make up a good directory of professional dancers. Such celebrities as Mae Murray, Rudolph Valentino, Constance Binney, Irene Castle, Nigel Barrie, Bebe Daniels, Molly Kind, Dagmar Godowsky, Colleen Moore and scores of others, owe their screen success to the fact that they learned to use their feet before giving the old bean a chance.

First of all—and this may seem a broad statement—dancing develops the brain. Good dancers and dancing teachers invariably make a success of what they undertake, whether in business or in professional life. John Murray Anderson and George White are both around thirty. Both are dancers, but in their recent successes their brains were used instead of their feet.

Believe it or not, John Murray Anderson and George White are two striking examples of my point that dancing does develop brains. And the movie stage has scores of similar examples to prove that dancing gives one an opportunity to use his head! If there is a nucleus of a brain within a person, given a proper opportunity, dancing will develop it. Take for example the movie stars listed above; who can say that they are not brainy people?

First of all, dancing rids one of awkwardness and timidity, for no one can be a good dancer and be awkward at the same time. Since timidity goes hand in hand with awkwardness, when you get rid of one you get rid of the other.

Poise and self confidence are other qualities which are absolutely essential to good acting in the movies, or on the spoken stage. Without poise and self confidence the person is absolutely lost before an awe-inspiring camera and a critical audience. Now, in order to gain poise and self confidence, it is necessary to have perfect control of the muscles of the body. I do not mean that it is necessary to train to become a "strong man" or to have bulging muscles.

You will admit that it does not take a physiological explanation to show you that in order to become a good actor one must have perfect poise, which, in other words, means the ability to manage yourself—your hands, feet, head and body. Can you imagine a good actor who lacks poise? He is almost as rare as a good dancer without it. I am quite sure that if you have read as far as this you will at once drop your copy of Movie Weekly and take up dancing in order to star in the movies.

The greatest advantage to be derived from dancing is the power of expression—not the expression through the voice,—but physical expression which is so important to the movie actress. And dancing is the most universal form of expression! The training of the dancer consists of very little else but that which will give him the power of interpretation.

THE good dancer naturally becomes a good actor because dancing is synonomous with acting. The fine dancer acts with grace and ease of movement. She goes through her parts smoothly, easily and rhythmically. The graceful actress is a delight to the eye. If her every movement is graceful, even though she be washing clothes, her actions will be more pleasing than those of the actress who has had little or no training in dancing.

Grace and ease of movement, acquired by dancing, is of inestimable value to the movie actress. We, who make up the audience, are merciless in our criticism, and if an actor or actress walks upon the stage in an awkward, clumsy fashion, we soon notice it. On the screen especially, every gesture is accentuated and an awkward movement of the

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"I need to be treated ROUGH!"

says DOLORES ROUSEE

Charming young actress who recently *deserted the "Follies" for the screen* tells how she does her best work before the camera

By David A. Balch

Dolores Rousee, former "Follies" girl, who is now a screen star.

"But if any man I liked was rough with me," said *Miss Rousee*, "I'd be off him for life." And she laughed merrily.

WE used to think—when we thought of it at all—that the 'Follies' were the popular stepping stone gilt edged matrimony. That one stepped from the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, as it were, into a Fifth Avenue menage that nothing short of a movie set could approximate in magnificence of appointment. But now, and it cheers us to think it, things have changed. And the "Follies," quite apart from being the gateway to affluent matrimony are the sign post to another sphere of feminine endeavor which is not only quite as lucrative but is vastly more interesting for the lady concerned. We refer to the movies.

A newcomer, therefore, in the world of celluloid is Dolores Rousee, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, and now about to play leading parts in Fox Productions on the Coast, after having very creditably acquitted herself opposite Genevieve Tobin, in the latter's most recent vehicle, "No Mother to Guide Her."

Miss Rousee is new to the screen. She came East a year and a half ago and after a brief sojourn on the New Amsterdam Roof, she was regularly accepted as a member of the "Follies," where she played until her opportunity in pictures happened along. Just between us, it didn't take her over half a second to decide which she wanted to do. And now she is in Hollywood where she will be leading lady in special productions until the time comes for her to star in her own which, unless signs fail, should not be a very long ways off.

"Miss Rousee," we said, as she settled her fragrant young person in a chair opposite and sat watching us with her quiet brown eyes. "To what do you attribute your change in fortune?—from Follies to films, if you get what we mean?"

She smiled at us readily enough and answered with a directness that would have disconcerted an older man.

"Nothing," she said simply, except the fact that I happened to screen well. When they discovered this I was given a chance to act in the movies, and the credit for all the rest belongs to my director."

We wondered how the credit for so much could properly belong to any man, and we said so, at which Miss Rousee, with the most naive simplicity, told us.

"When I was given my first part to play it was all naturally new to me and the strangness of it practically stampeded every particle of cool calm reason that I possessed. I was just helpless in the face of the task before me—made so, largely, by a terrifying sense of self consciousness.

"Well, my director saw this and although he tried, politely to get me to do things right in the beginning, later he resorted to different methods and was just rough with me. He scolded me so severly that I broke down and cried. I had a scene where I was supposed to cry and while I was crying on the set he called "Lights!" and then had the cameraman take me just as I was.

"After a while my tears stopped and I went on with my part. Curiously, I found after the scolding I had received that I was less self-conscious than I'd been and could enter into the spirit of it more easily than I could before.

"After the scolding the director never said anything further to me, except to tell me what to do. I was so afraid of displeasing him some more that I could think of nothing else. and I just worked hard to do the very best I could."

Miss Rousee, who takes things very seriously, laughed, a little, but it was a laugh of wondering recollection rather than of humor. She was marvelling at the strange way by which she had attained excellence on the screen.

"Then when we had finished," she continued, "the director put his arm across my shoulders and told me how sorry he had been to hurt me but that he had felt it was necessary in order to get me to forget myself."

The former "Foliies" girl smiled brightly and nodded with eagerness.

"And that's the way it has always been," she went on. "In my music I never could get anywhere until my teacher was cross with me; and it was the same, too, in my dancing. I need to be—treated rough," she added gravely, and then smiled humorously for the first time.

"But not in love," she added quickly, answering

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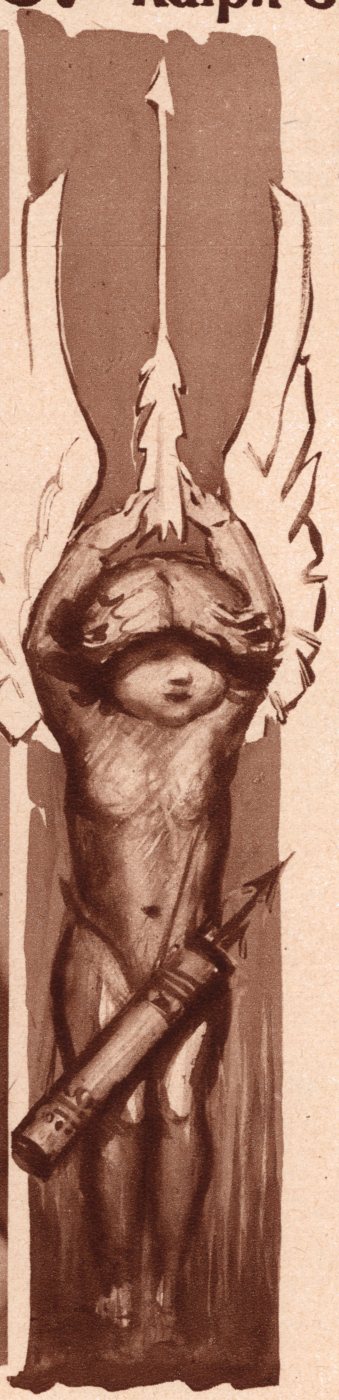
Is there a Love that Lives Forever? "YES!" says Ralph GRAVES

Popular young actor who recently lost his beloved wife tells *what love and marriage mean to him* and why he wants to marry again

By Gladys Hall

"I want to marry again," said *Mr. Graves*. "And I feel that I can pay my wife no greater tribute than to say I do want to marry again."



RALPH GRAVES has been through a sad experience. Very sad. At the age of twenty-four, when so many young men are just beginning, he is a widower with a nine months old son. He loved the girl he married. They were married short of two years. Love was just beginning to come into some sort of mature flowering when, with the baby's birth, she died.

People may say, thoughtlessly, "Oh, well, no wonder he says love can last forever. He wasn't married long enough to know."

We disagree.

Ralph Graves is one young man who, despite the fact that he is young *and* a movie actor, has done some thinking beyond his years.

When we last talked with him, some three years or more ago, he was not married; had not, in fact, so much as met the girl he made his wife. But marriage, even then, was on his mind. He told us that he didn't believe he would marry for some time because he didn't feel that he was "good enough." By which he meant, as transpired, developed enough, for as far as being good in the sense of wild oats is concerned he was what we might moderately term "way above the average" and then some in that well known respect. By way of further explanation, if we remember rightly, we even wrote an article about him which we called "Sir Galahad Graves." And that ought to be self-explantory.

But then, it would seem, love came and with magic fingers brushed aside all theories and that pale stuff, philosophy. In those three years or more since we had seen him he has come face to face with Love and Life and Death, the most tremendous trinity, and what he has to say of love and life should be well worth the hearing.

And so we said to him, as delicately as possible, "Do you believe that love can really last? One woman for one man, one man for one woman, forever? Do you believe that if your wife had lived and this sorrow had not come to you you would have gone on, through the years, immune to all other attractions, blind to all other women?"

"In the first place," said young Mr. Graves, who wears, by the way, his young wife's wedding ring on his small finger, "it is not so much *sorrow* that I feel. I believe that she is happy where she is. It is just that I am so lonely. I miss her so. I seem to want her and need her. And because I need her as well as love her I believe that our love would have lasted. Yes, certainly, I think that love can last forever. For a lifetime. My mother's and father's did and does. Ours would have. I do not say that I might never have been attracted momentarily by any other women. Pretty faces. Passing fancies. Slight physical reactions to other charms come to all men, and all women, too, if they will admit to them. But I believe that if a man is normal which is to say idealistic, too; if he is almost wholly animal preferring to live on an animal plane, then these slight extraneous fancies will make him love and value his wife more rather than less. I believe that married love is a separate thing and that the average decent man loves his wife all of his life, deeply and profoundly and better than any other living thing, if only because she is his wife and calls from him a *special sort of love*.

AND I don't believe, really, that there is any necessity whatsoever for a man to seek affection or attraction or whatever you care to call it away from his wife. I know that it is done, of course. But probably not quite so frequently as the yellow journalist scareheads would have the world believe.

"I know that I want to marry again. Just as soon as possible. Just as soon as I can find a girl who can stand comparison with Margie. And I feel that I can pay my wife no greater tribute than to say that I do want to marry again. I should love to have home life and other children. I should like to have my little son with me. Margie named him after me, Ralph Junior, before she died. My mother has him now, out in Cleveland. She adores him and he couldn't be better cared for, but of course I want to see him as much as I possibly can.

"Apart from marrying again I don't know that I have any great ambition, unless it might be to get out of the movies and into some other business. I never took the movies *very* seriously. Well, not until I worked for D. W. Griffith, at any rate. The way a certain type of person looks askance at you because you are a movie actor irritates me. I know that when I go to call upon some young society bud her mother fully expects me to bring little Tillie home ruined. Because I am a movie actor. Absurd, but true. And as a matter of fact, I do no 'snaking.' I have nothing up my sleeve. I like the relaxatIion of playing about with young people of my own age. I like to play the piano and to talk about the things that interest me. I

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Would YOU Bury Your Beauty for Screen Fame?

by Mary ALDEN

That's what Mary Alden, *the well known screen mother*, did when she gave up playing youthful roles to portray gray hairs

I AM writing this article in answer to the many letters I receive from earnest and ambitious women who are really seeking help and first hand knowledge regarding screen work and who do not expect to reach fame by some sort of magic.

Are you eager for a real, full screen career, or are you looking toward the screen in the hope that it will be a mirror merely to reflect any such beauty of face or form as you may possess? If the latter, I want to tell the potential screen actress that beautiful moving figures are not dramatically interesting in themselves. Unless you make the moving figure interesting, your beauty will not project the spirit of the character you are playing. You can accomplish characterization only through an intense study of people: their habits, their thought processes, their ambitions. And in that way express the feelings of men and women through external evidence on the face, form and in the movements of the body.

Otherwise you are simply a mannikin and not an actress.

In my own case, I have made an extensive study of make-up which finally brought me into the limelight as an exponent of "mother" roles. And I accomplished this only by studying the face of every woman of a family, with whom I came in contact and by studying the thought processes of the maternal mind and its effect on the lines and expression of the face.

Right now I wish to make clear that there is a great variety in mothers. One make-up will not answer for all. No two characters being alike, there are no set rules for make-up. I have been guided entirely by intensive study, imagination, observation and the author's characterization.

Emotions are reflected in the physiognomy of men and women. They are shown in lines and puckers and according to individual emotions they are differentiated one from the other. No two people are constituted alike and the evidence as marked out by the actress with grease paint and pencil is never the same.

Kipling said that the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under the skin, which all of us admit is quite true. But that, as Kipling himself would say, is another story. The point I am making is that though they may be sisters under the skin, and maybe over it. too, all women are different.

"How many kinds of women are there?" was a question asked of a sophisticated man of the world.

"First, tell me how many women there are in the world?" was his retort, "The number is the same."

Of course, there are certain types and divisions. I would not say that it was advisable for an actress to portray only one type, even one type ot mother. In a recent picture,—I portrayed the role of a modern "smart mother," a woman who although about twenty years older than her eldest daughter, made a pal of her daughter, "stepped out" with her at social affairs, drank cocktail for cocktail, and possibly outdanced her offspring. Naturally, a mother of this type would be modish, well gowned and coiffured, and probably her face would not be lined very much, possibly not at all. This is one type of mother. In another recent

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"Are you eager for a real, full screen career," asks *Miss Alden*, "or are you looking toward the screen in the hope that it will be merely a mirror to reflect whatever beauty you may possess?"

Rajah outdoes Sheik

The voice of the tempter: *George Arliss* and *Alice Joyce* in a scene from *"The Green Goddess."*

"THE GREEN GODDESS"

Arliss—the Perfect Film Actor

Presented at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, by Distinctive Pictures, Corp., with a cast including George Arliss, Alice Joyce, Harry T. Morey, David Powell, Jetta Goudal, Ivan Simpson, and William Worthington. Directed by Sidney Olcott.

Throughout this year there have been evidences that the much abused photoplay is gradually advancing toward a standard of entertainment fully as high as that of the stage. "The Green Goddess" represents further progress in this direction, just as did "Little Old New York," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and "Grumpy."

All four of these productions were adapted from stage successes. It might appear that this fact has had something to do with their high character. But we do not believe this to be the case. Many many plays have been screened and screened frightfully. "The Green Goddess" comes to the screen lacking only the ingratiating voice of Mr. Arliss. Otherwise, it is essentially better in every respect than the play.

The atmosphere is developed with far greater realism. The acting is equally as good. And certain of the highly dramatic episodes of the play, the scene, for instance, in which the Rajah of Rukh's valet, Watkins, is cast out of a window to die on the rocks far below; and again, when the aeroplanes come to rescue the English from the wily Hindoo potentate, the effect is far more thrilling than it possibly could be on the stage.

"The Green Goddess" is finely written melodrama. It revolves about a character who ought to be far more appealing to romantically inclined females than even the cooperative sheik of E. M. Hull and Rudolph Valentino. This Rajah is heartless, cynical, misogynist but like all men; he must have women about him, even if they really are, after all, a "damned nuisance."

So when three English folk, a besodden army officer, his none to loving wife, and her not-quite lover, drop out of the skies into the realm of this Oxford-educated, Paris-sophisticated Rajah, the Rajah plays with them much as the tabby with a nest of mice.

The husband is eventually eliminated, and the young folk are suitably rescued, but the wicked Rajah is left to continue his habit of thinking in terms which have nothing at all to do with the common conception of what is right and wrong.

A pretty clever sub-titles brighten "The Green Goddess," and add to the pleasure of watching the marvelously complete actor, George Arliss, in the business of creating one more highly enjoyable role. Ivan Simpson, as Watkins, the butler, comes newly to the screen from the original production, and he too brings a finished character conception into being.

Of the movie folk in the cast, Harry T. Morey is the best. He does well as the drunken but courageous husband. Alice Joyce, playing again with Mr. Morey after many years, is lovely as the wife and acts with her usual ease. David Powell is the lover.

Sidney Olcott's direction is slow but complete. As a result the climaxes of the pictures neither overdone nor do they lose in effectiveness.

The entire production is richly dressed.

Put "The Green Goddess" on your list of "must" pictures. No real fan nor anyone else who wants excellent entertainment should miss it.

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"MARRIAGE MORALS"

Marriage a la Movies

Presented at the Central Theatre, New York, by L. Lawrence Weber and Bobby North, with a cast composed of Tom Moore

A pleasant moment from the northwestern thriller, *"Shadows of the North." Virginia Browne Faire, Fred Kohler, William Desmond* and *Albert Hart.*

in "The Green Goddess"

George Arliss presents masterly portrayal of oriental lover—"*Marriage Morals*", "*Shadows of the North*" and "*The Eleventh Hour*" among other pictures reviewed *By* Lewis F. Levenson

Ann Forrest, Florence Billings, Shannon Day, John Goldsworthy, Charles Craig, Edmund Breese, Harry T. Morey, Tom Lewis, Russell Griffin and Mickey Bennett. Directed by William Nigh.

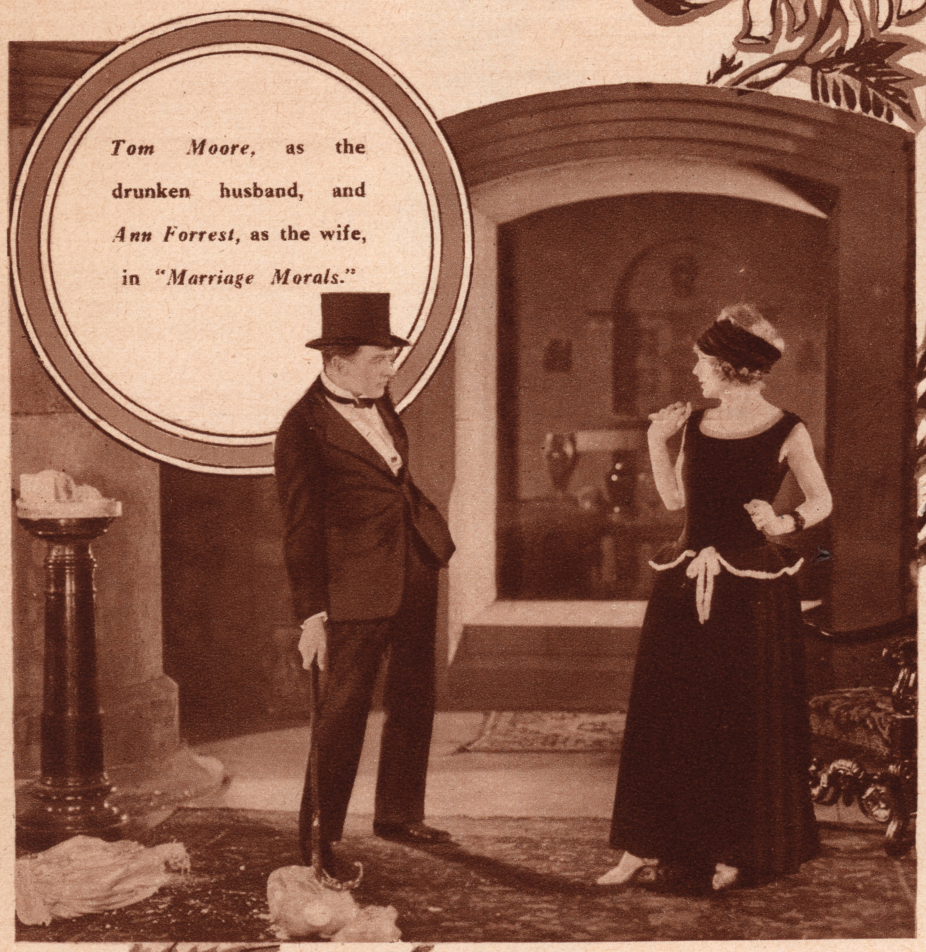
Marriage, we thought, was an eminently moral institution, evolved by the centuries as a means of keeping our uncivilized desires within the bonds of civilization. The movies, however, have changed all that. They have made marriage a platitude and also a means of making money.

The money is made by a rather simple process. The producer happens on a happy title, and writes a story around it. He must necessarily have a number of characters and a situation, and he usually starts out thus equipped, having no real idea of how the picture is going to end.

In "Marriage Morals," for instance, we have the appealing title. Morals imply by contrast immorality, and the immorality in this picture is furnished by Tom Moore, as the husband, who drinks quite as if he enjoyed it, and who gets into various drunken brawls, finally going so far as to smash a statue of "Purity" which was given to him and his wife as a wedding present.

This, of course, is the ultimate movie sin. And dread retribution is only around the corner when the accident occurs.

By the time the plot had wandered to this stage, the producer gave it up and solved everything happily by means of a dream ending.



Tom Moore, as the drunken husband, and *Ann Forrest*, as the wife, in "*Marriage Morals*."

Just before the clinch—*Charles Jones* and *Shirley Mason* in "*The Eleventh Hour*."

"Marriage Morals" has been produced with occasional concessions to lavishness. The hero is a milionaire and his home is acceptably millionairish. A big cabaret is also included, making the picture quite the regular thing.

You have probably seen "Marriage Morals" in a dozen different forms if you are at all a movie fan. It is old stuff, done with a good cast, in an old way.

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"SHADOWS OF THE NORTH"
Spoiling "The Spoilers"

Presented by Universal Film Corporation with a cast composed of William Desmond, Virginia Browne Faire, Fred Kohler, William Welsh, Albert Hart, James O. Barrows, and Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog. Directed by Robert Hill.

"Shadows of the North" might have been a fairly stirring drama of the gold fields north of 54-40. The plot includes claim-jumpers, dance halls, daring canoe trips through seething rapids, and even a new variety of movie poison, deadly nightshade.

But when Robert Hill, the director, and William Desmond, the star, got through their work, they had nothing left but an only occasionally moving picture. Desmond, in particular, is guilty of a

(*Continued on page* 30)

DOROTHY GISH
appearing in
"The Bright Shawl"

IVOR NOVELLO
appearing in
"The White Rose"

Bill HART naturally Domestic, says DeSola

Character expert analyses *Big Bill's* well known features and finds him "*completely lacking* in satire or bitterness or malice"

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

William S. Hart

"There is much sentiment in *Hart's* face," says *de Sola*, "and signs which lead me to conclude he has the domestic instinct."

CHARACTER READING: *This face shows great kindliness and modesty. Strength of character, pride, and courage are present, and a freedom from sham and affectation. There is swiftness, sensitiveness, and sentiment indicated, some pugnacity and alertness. In spite of the array of definitely masculine traits of character, an unusual degree of intuition is revealed.*

MR. HART was always one of the most popular actors of the screen, and probably will be so as long as he chooses. He not ony exemplifies those qualities of fearlessness, resource, and ingenuity with which we associate the heroes of our fictions, but he possesses also a cast of feature and a kind of personality peculiarly American.

There is something of our national worship of the Lincoln type in the admiration which he has always been accorded. There is the shrewdnes, the great-heartedness, the freedom from pretense, and the plain, simple man, prepared to come to the aid of these in trouble and equally prepared to fight those who oppose him.

There is something large and genial in the features of the man, something irresistably magnetic about him. I have heard his acting criticised as 'the mere holding of a grim stare,' but I have ne er heard his personality attacked. Now, in reading his face, I can understand why.

The lips are full of a kindly humour, and show modesty and an almost universal spirit of sympathy and understanding. The face is strong-willed and is of the protective type. The heavy upper lip presupposes not only force and determination but also some oratorical ability, the ability to sway audiences with a personal contact.

But in spite of the largeness of the mouth, it is not a garrulous face, but rather a reserved and even taciturn one. Most remarkable of all, I think, are the eves. Every feature bears out the masculine qaulities of character in Mr. Hart, his force, vigor, courage, simplicity. It is rare that we find in a face so completely masculine as this the trait of intuition, and rarer still that we find it developed to such a degree.

Mr. Hart, it would seem, is equipped to make an almost perfect judgment of human beings in a swift glance. That glance would not perhaps grope for the subleties of character, but it would at least be able to place, in a definite category, and with a few important classifications, nearly anyone with whom he came into contact.

It is possibly this intuition which has stamped tactfulness so plainly in his face. The mouth is highly optimistic, and the nose displays a fair share of personal pride. This pride, however, is not the sort that displays itself in pretenses. In his willingness to be simple and direct, he has appealed to the soft spot in American character.

His humour is pervasive and deep. There is no praise too high for it. It has all the traces of kindliness and is completely lacking in satire or bitterness or malice. And as nearly all humour has some trace of those three, Mr. Hart's is of a rare order indeed.

I HAVE said before that his character was the protective type. So true is this that I might add as a corrolary that it is also paternal in attitude. The face shows philoprogenitiveness—great love of children, and is inclined always to sponsor the weak or those in difficulty, rather than those who are strong and powerful.

There is much sentiment in the face, and signs which lead me to conclude that its possessor has

(*Continued on page* 29)

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"Rosita" reveals a New Mary PICKFORD

Latest vehicle of *"Our Mary"* presents her in a *novel aspect* to her admirers—Mary has at last *"grown up"*

By Paul Rochester

OUT in Hollywood, several weeks ago, one of the largest studios presented a queer jumble. Here was a bit of the Orient, a narrow street in Mecca, a palace built by a genii . . . there a Moorish temple, a street in Seville, a patio with rambler roses crawling up its walls.

Now Spain and Arabia are far apart, but Mary and Doug are near together: and when they both started pictures at the same time, they were forced to use the same studio. And as both were producing big pictures, bigger than any they had previously done, the inevitable result was that someone had to be shoved out into the back yard.

The person shoved was Doug, who had to add a couple of hundred acres to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio for his sets in "The Thief of Bagdad." Meantime, Mary went ahead on her greatest picture, the most stupendous film she has made since first she went into the movies fifteen years ago.

The picture is "Rosita" once announced as "The Street Singer," which became "Rosita" because of the prior right of a play of that name to the former title. The story is about a street singer who is forcibly taken off the sidewalks of Toledo, Spain, by a king who has fallen in love with her beauty and her saucy independence. His earnest attention toward the bewitching waif has developed because of a stinging ballad about his philandering ways, composed and sung by the girl.

In a burst of poetic malice, he makes good the charges hurled at him from the melodious throat of "Rosita," by having her arrested, thrown into jail, and then desperately wooed by himself.

How Rosita is taken into the palace and arrayed in magnificent gowns in an attempt to demoralize her by luxury, comprises the more dramatic part of the story, which has as complications a decree for an execution of her real lover, the jealousy of the queen, and on the lighter side, the experiences of the street singer's squalid father and mother and their pack of chubby but unkempt children, whom Rosita manages to get into the palace to chaperon her.

Mary Pickford in her costume as street singer of *"Rosita"* and *George Walsh* as her lover.

Holbrook Blinn plays the king opposite *"Our Mary" in Rosita."*

Ernst Lubitch, noted European director of spectacular films, has been handling Mary, and has been given full leeway to insert his inimitable punch climaxes into the scenes of action, and the great mental struggle arising out of the heroine's predicament.

Scenes of great beauty have been designed for "Rosita" by Sven Gade, the Danish artist, whose most recent triumph was the staging of "Johannes Kreisler," a production for the stage which had forty-five scenes, all changes made without the lowering of the curtain.

For the Pickford film, Gade made one exterior scene which contains alone five acres of "camera angles," a representation of a picturesque hillside near Toledo. Another is a cathedral exterior with an exquisite sense of vast spaces and sublime architecture. Then there are dozens of scenes representing palace exteriors.

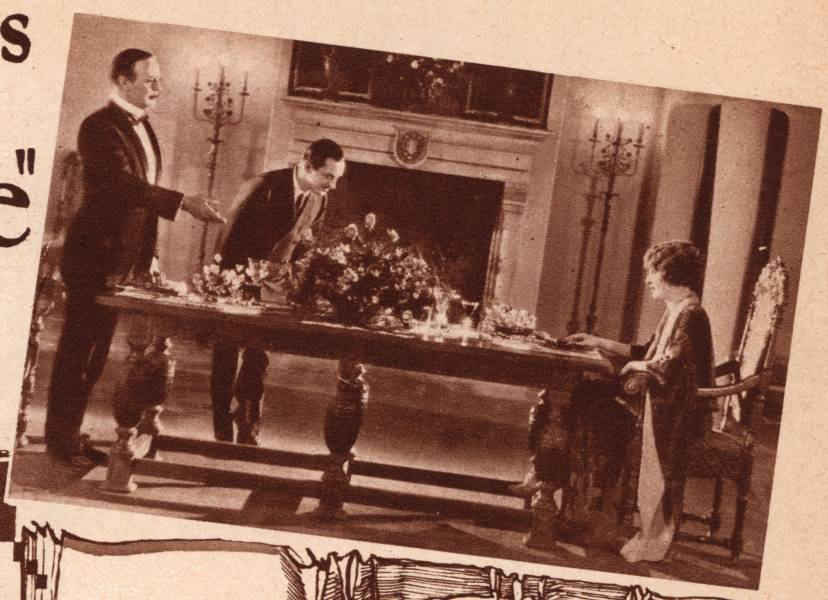
The cast of "Rosita," in addition to several thousand extras includes Holbrook Blinn as the King; Irene Rich as the Queen; and George Walsh as Rosita's true lover. In other roles appear Charles Beldher, Mathilde Comont, George Periolat, Bert Sprotte, Mme. de Bodamere, Anitz Edwards, Phillippe de Lacey, Donald McAlpin, and Doreen Turner.

The chief interest in "Rosita" is in seeing Mary in a part in which she may play a grown-up, and not a thing of rags and tatters.

Marital infidelity is theme of "The Eternal Three"

Male vamp is portrayed in true colors in new Goldwyn picture

I.
Leonard Foster (*Raymond Griffith*) adopted son of *Dr. Walters*, (*Hobart Bosworth*) a famous surgeon, has a way with women, and makes love to three at a time.



II.
Meanwhile, *Hilda Gray* (*Bessie Love*) the doctor's secretary, wronged by *Leonard*, has vanished without leaving any word and finally enters a maternity hospital.

III.–
Dr. Walters brings home a beautiful young wife (*Claire Windsor*) from a trip to Mexico.

IV.
Leonard starts a mad flirtation with her, and, feeling neglected, she yields to her infatuation and they plan to elope.

V
Mrs. Walters' infatuation for *Leonard* turns to loathing when she hears his own story of his badness, and he leaves the house forever.

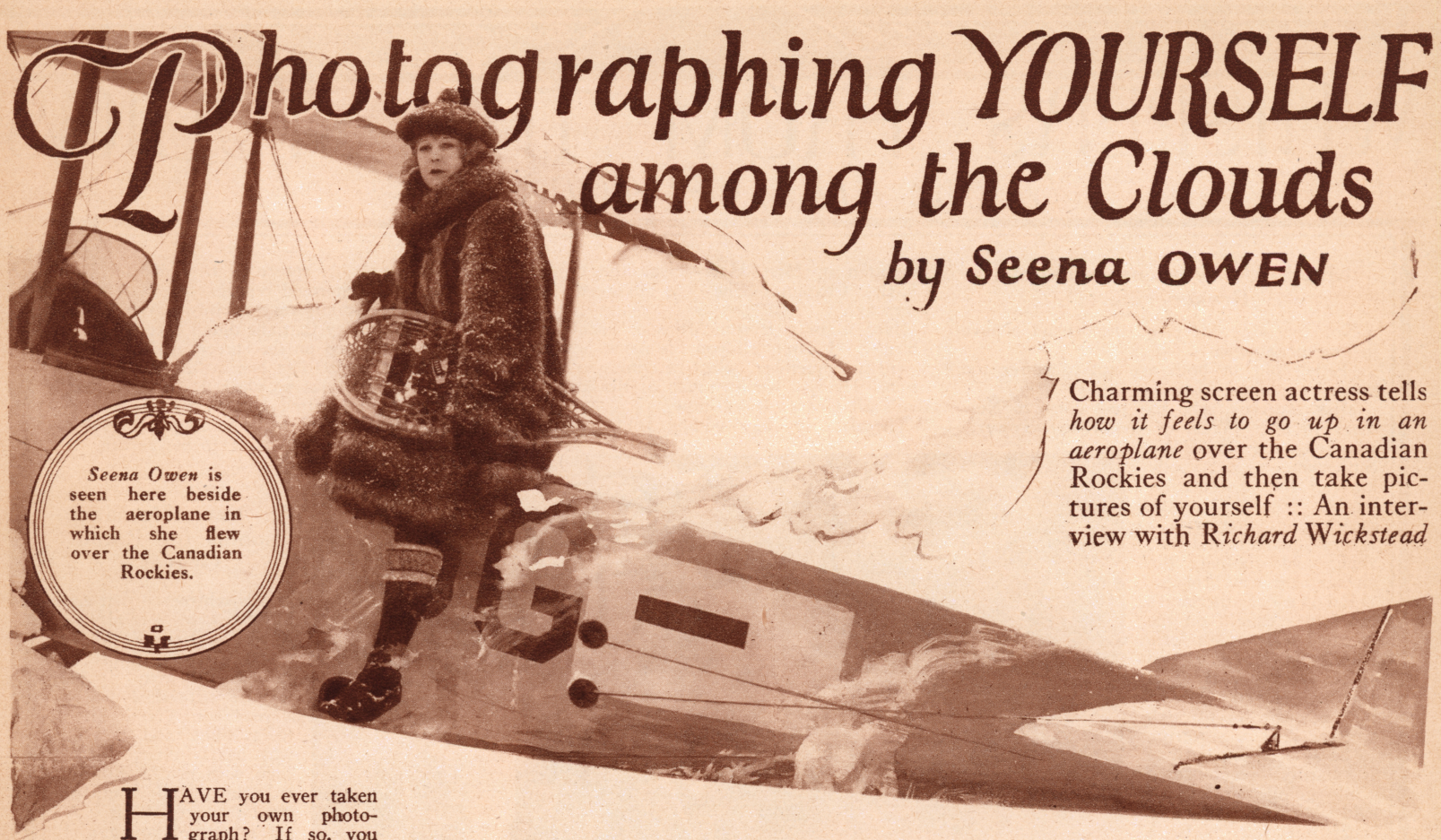
VI
On *Leonard's* recovery from an auto accident, he has to face *Hilda's* brother and *Dr. Walters* who, after choking a confession from him, horsewhips him.

VII
And so the great love of the noble doctor finds its reward in the devotion of a beautiful young wife.

Photographing YOURSELF among the Clouds

by Seena OWEN

Charming screen actress tells *how it feels to go up in an aeroplane* over the Canadian Rockies and then take pictures of yourself :: An interview with *Richard Wickstead*



Seena Owen is seen here beside the aeroplane in which she flew over the Canadian Rockies.

HAVE you ever taken your own photograph? If so, you know the joys of a new thrill in picture taking. And if you are the possessor of a camera its dollars to doughnuts that you've already tried the experiment and learned what it feels like to take your own likeness all by yourself.

Imagine then the thrill for Seena Owen, who not only took her own picture but a motion one at that, and not only while the camera was moving but while she herself was travelling through space at a speed estimated to be about a mile every half minute.

There is a thrill in this, we think that most people will never know, and because it happened to Miss Owen, during the filming of her latest picture "Snowblind," in the Canadian Rockies, we feel it is well worth telling about.

"Miss Owen," we began, as we lunched with her and Ben Conlon, the publicity hound, beneath the quiet lights of the Algonquin, "tell us about your journey into the great open spaces and of the he men you met there."

"The only man I met there," replied Miss Owen with twinkling eyes, "that I remember at all was a gentleman called Whiskey Charlie. He hadn't, they told me, drawn a sober breath, in five years.

"Whiskey Charlie and I were returning to camp one night when someone started a phonograph some distance ahead of us. It was the first time my escort had ever heard a phonograph and the novelty produced a unique effect upon him. With moist eyes, he turned to me and exclaimed in a trembling voice:

"Lady, it's the angels singin'!"

We laughed a bit at this and then launched into a discussion of what we were most anxious to hear—Miss Owen's flight in an aeroplane and her achievement in taking her own picture among the clouds. How, we asked her, did she ever do it?

"Oh," she laughed in answer, "that was the most awful experience of my life. I had no idea when I left New York that I should be called upon in "Snowblind" to go up in an aeroplane and, if I had, I don't think I should have gone at all. I've always had a peculiar dread of high places and never, never, never had any desire to go up in an aeroplane. On the contrary!"

The very thought of it brought the warm color into Miss Owen's face until she looked fairly radiant. We were so busy watching this that we almost forgot to listen.

A glimpse of the country over which *Miss Owen* flew while she took her own picture.

WELL," she continued, "when they told me that I was to go up, I was struck dumb with consternation. I went to my room and just cried and cried. I didn't want to go—I was afraid to go, but on the other hand I was more afraid to say I wouldn't.

"Finally, I got word at last to get ready and with knees that just knocked together, I walked down and out to the place in the snow where they were waiting for me in the plane."

Miss Owen smiled and took a deep breath.

"Do you know," she went on, "every bit of my nervousness and dread left me the moment we left the ground. The sensation in the plane was so smooth and lovely that I just loved it, and then afterwards I couldn't get enough."

"The moment we left the ground, said *Miss Owen*, "my nervousness left me."

"But about the

(*Continued on page 29*)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

May McAvoy Recovers From a Broken Heart

No, says May McAvoy, she doesn't believe in long engagements.

"Either one or both are apt to suffer too much," explained May.

Miss McAvoy, who has just come to New York to play "West of the Water Tower," was engaged to Eddie Sutherland, as everybody knows. But it seems her mother objected to the match, and what with a lovers' quarrel and one thing and another, the engagement was broken.

Eddie Sutherland's heart was caught on the rebound by Marjorie Daw, and Marjorie and Eddie were married a few months ago.

"One has to go through a great deal or suffering to be able to act, but one is hardly recompensed while going through it," said Miss McAvoy, in what one felt to be a vague allusion to her broken engagement. "And oh, I'm so glad I'm to be in New York, where everything is new!"

Miss McAvoy will visit her brother, who lives in New York, and who is going to be married soon himself.

"Mother and I haven't been able to get my brother away from New York," said May, "You see he is an electrical engineer, and he feels as if the world centered there. But we hope that after he is married he will bring his wife west."

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Theodore Kosloff to Play Without Subtitles

Theodore Kosloff is shortly to appear in a picture for Cecil de Mille in which he will play his entire role without a subtitle! Other sub-titles there will be, in connection with other players, but not one for him.

"This," said Mr. Kosloff, "wil be the triumph of pantomime, will vindicate what I am always telling my pupils concerning the necessity for pantomime."

Mary Pickford is a new pupil of Kosloff's, by the way. Even she felt the need of a course in dancing, facial expression and pantomime.

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Mildred Harris to Marry Again

Mildred Harris is going to be married again! Formerly, if you happen to have forgotten it, Miss Harris was the wife of Charles Chaplin.. She was divorced three years ago.

"No, it isn't Byron Munson," said Miss Harris. "I can't tell you his name now, but I will in September, when he comes to California. He is a wealthy man of the east, and that's all I can tell you now."

The date of the wedding isn't fixed yet, but will be when her mysterious fiance arrives, says the young lady..

Proving that married life, as practised by *Marilynn Miller* and *Jack Pickord*, has its compensations.

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Mildred Davis May Return to the Screen After All

Mildred Davis is going back on the screen, or we miss our guess. She has received many flattering offers, and she is such an excellent vamp that she has coaxed Harold Lloyd, her husband, to let her return to the films, according to well authorized reports.

The young star is very happily married, and said the other day that she didn't care whether she ever appeared on the screen again or not. But Harold went to se her in "A Temporary Marriage," and was so pleased with her that he came home, patted her on the back, and intimated that he might be willing to give his blessing to her return.

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A New Romance Looms for Ralph Graves

It is whispered that ere Ralph Graves left Hollywood for New York, he was fairly on the way to falling in love again. Ralph's wife died nearly a year ago, giving birth to a child, and Graves was nearly crazy for a time with grief. But he is young, and youthful emotions are elastic. A certain sweet young girl of Hollywood is said to be his almost constant companion in the evenings after work, when he is in the west.

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Marilynn Miller Has an Accident

Marilynn Miller isn't going to have any more fun dancing with her husband Jack Pickford, during the present summer. She strained the ligaments of her leg in practising some new dances, and is spending her days now in quiet, in order to be ready for the new Ziegfeld show soon to open.

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Agnes Ayres As an Explorer

Agnes Ayres isn't afraid of roughing it,—I should say not! She and some friends are taking a trip to the practically unexplored Belly River country, located in Glacier National Park, by way of vacation. Miss Ayres will return from the trip about the last of September.

The country she will traverse is rough and difficult to travel in the extreme. In fact few travelers have had the hardihood ever to undertake the trip.

"The work on the trip will have to be done by members of the party," said Miss Ayres, "because we cannot get servants to go along. It will be a hardship, but a new adventure for all of us."

Out of the DEPTHS

"Oh, *Alan!*" she sobbed. "I want so badly to help you, dear."

The final instalment of "*Human Wreckage*" in which Alan Macfarland conquers the drug habit and wins again to mastery of himself. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of C. Gardner Sullivan's story

By Charles Warnerby

AS the door closed after his beautiful, grief stricken wife, Alan Macfarland sank again into the chair before his desk and began with trembling hands to use the tiny thread of steel, with its insidious drug, that he had wrested from his wife's grasp. Ethel Macfarland had tried desperately to keep her husband from using the drug he craved but his insistence and brute strength had been too much for her. Heartbroken she had passed from the room.

Macfarland now fumbled with trembling hands, unnerved by his recent exertion, until the needle punctured his flesh and the tide of morphia flowed like a strong current of well-being through his nerve-racked body. At peace now, he sank back, his brain clearing, as the fog of drug addiction lifted for a brief space of time. He could think now, he told himself—now for the first time, since this merciless demon of morphia had begun to lay its insatiable claims upon him.

The realization of his treatment of Ethel, his wife, smote him with a sharp pang of anguish. What on earth, he wondered bitterly was he coming to, when here but a few moments before he had been on the point of strangling her for the drug he craved.

Stricken with remorse, Macfarland buried his head in his hands. Would Ethel, he groaned, ever forgive him for the ill treatment he had inflicted upon her. Could he make her realize his contrition, now that it was all over and he was calm and normal once more? He rose unsteadily to his feet a wild resolution welling within him. There was now he knew but one way out—the way that led to expiation and forgiveness, cost what it may in twisted body and tortured nerves.

Macfarland stepped to the doorway through which his wife lately had passed and called "Ethel!" He called again until he made sure she had heard him on the floor above and then he returned to his library and stood pondering and waiting.

Presently, white-faced and silent she appeared in the doorway opposite and stood there awaiting his explanation. He looked at her long and steadily searching her face with the eyes of love and the heart of one who had injured and was anxious to make atonement.

"Ethel," he said huskily, after a pause.

"I—I've not been well and I— I——"

He shrugged, unable to go on, but indicated with a trembling gesture the needle on the desk before him. Her eyes dropped to the needle without a word and rose again to meet his—still waiting.

"So I've been sick," Macfarland was saying vaguely, "and now I've decided to get well again. Ethel—Ethel! I—I want you to help me!"

The latter part of his speech was like a cry from one stricken, and it obliterated in a flash all of the ugly memory of their scene a short whlie before. With a sobbing exclamation Ethel flung herself forward and her arms went around her husband's neck.

"Oh, Alan!" she sobbed, "I want so badly to help you, dear!"

THE face of Macfarland was drawn with pain as he gently comforted the girl in his arms.

"It will be a hard fight, darling," he whispered, as he thought of the hold the drug had upon him. "And you must be patient. . . patient."

Her answer was to tighten her arms convulsively about his neck and draw his head down until his lips met hers. It was a gesture more eloquent than words would have been. In the free full contact of her lips he sensed the deep love that was his and that nothing save an act of his own could ever destroy.

"I know, darling," was all he could trust himself to say. He felt perilously near a break-down and he knew now that sterner business than this must be discharged before he could indulge himself in the luxury of any weakness.

"Ethel," he found himself asking. "Where can we go?"

She knew a mountain cabin, many miles back from the city where she could take him and nurse him until the monster was vanquished. It could be done, she knew; all she needed was to get him away where there was no morphia, where nothing but her love would aid him in his struggle and heal him and make him strong again.

"But Alan," she faltered, "you're surely going to help me?" She paused looking at him in fearful anxiety, worried lest the insidious fingers of the drug evil had fastened too firmly upon him. For answer, Macfarland leaned forward and, picking up the tiny glittering needle, hurled it with iron force into the fireplace across the room. It was a gesture as eloquent, she knew, as her own gesture of tightening her clasp about his neck. It was all the answer she wanted.

"Then, come, Alan," she breathed. "We must pack and leave for the mountains at once."

The need for haste, she knew, was imperative, for she wished to get him away into the wilds of the mountains before the drug laid its imperious claim upon him once more. Together they left the room and ascended to the floor above, where after a few instructions to her maid, their bags were packed and a hasty departure was taken from the house to where their motor waited without.

And then away into the clear tonic of the autumn air leaped the car and its occupants, threading the

(*Continued on page 28*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I am twenty-three years of age, and since I became old enough to attend the movies I have seen quite a number of pictures, but never during this time have I seen what I would term an improper picture—at least, insofar as its morals are concerned.

To be realistic, movies must portray life and all of its phases, and to do this successfully their portrayals must be as realistic as life itself and cover as wide an horizon. No moving picture can be successful or perfect so long as its vital parts are partly deleted, eliminated or changed.

A moving picture is as moral or as immoral as its theatre-going public. All pictures therefore should be proper. And all pictures would be thought proper, probably, if presented in that light and without the mark of suspicion given them first by the censors.

Pictures which portray life cannot be very bad—if one believes in life itself. Why look for the worm in the flower?

FRANK KENNETH YOUNG.

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If You Look for Vulgarity, You Find It

I have been going to the movies ever since there were any and never in all that time have I seen what I would call a vulgar picture. I recall Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" and I remember that at the time I wondered what I was in for. It proved to be nothing but a few beads and butter plates properly distributed.

Anyone looking for vulgarity could find it even in a Jackie Coogan film. You get what you look for in life, the same with pictures. Most of the scenes that people deplore as vulgar are merely stupid. These endurance kisses, passionate embraces, eyes rolled to Heaven are funnier than they are vulgar.

The real actors and actresses of the screen know how to portray the emotions, elemental and spiritual, so that they are convincing. Lillian Gish in "Way Down East," Mae Marsh in "The White Rose," Geraldine Farrar in "The Hell Cat" and the advances of Erich Von Stroheim on his prey are all examples of this. It is only the people with single track minds through which a sewer runs who point out the vulgar and the sensual.

CORDELIA CABOT.

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One Fan Who Thinks Movies Improper

There are such a vast quantity of improper pictures being released that one needs hesitate before committing oneself as to naming the most improper.

I am far from being classed under the category of a prude, yet some of the recent motion pictures I have seen have fairly repulsed me.

The pictures that deal so broadly with sex and with such an utter abandon of shame should most assuredly be barred from the theatre. They only succeed in inciting unpleasant thoughts in the young people and surely do not aim to teach, as they so often imply in their subtitles.

To see a man in the throes of animal passion is not a pleasant sight, so why inflict it on the public? For instance, Von Stroheim's performance in "Foolish Wives" was termed by some a masterpiece of histrionic ability; to me it seemed only a disgusting bit of business.

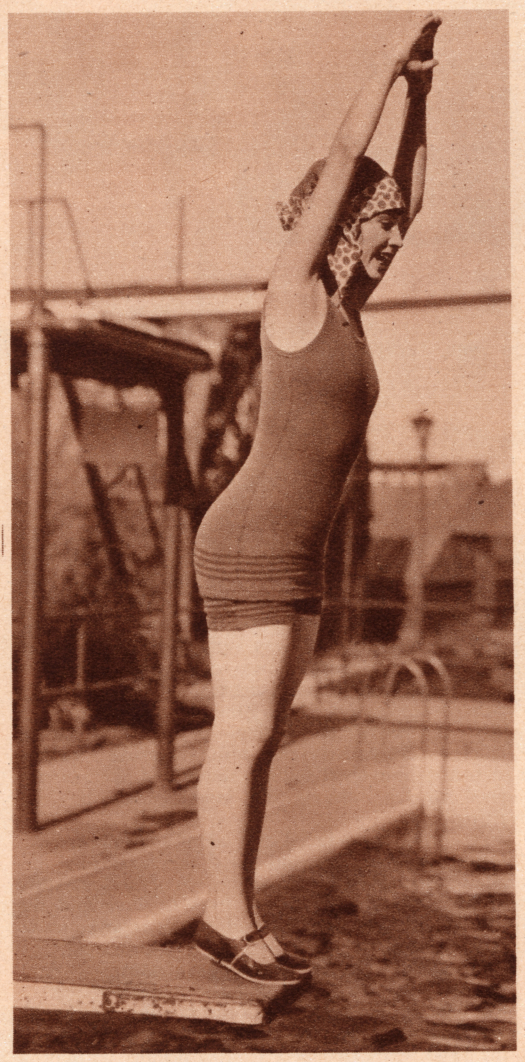
If such things be art then art is *dirt*, and should not be offered to clean and intelligent minds.

E. G. WOLFE.

We Need Censorship, Thinks This Fan

I do not recall seeing a picture which could be branded as "immoral," but recall several deserving the stamp of vulgarity.

This last year seems to have found an increasing number of comedies. Too large a number of actresses are willing to have their buxom waists delicately ornamented with custard pie. It seems as if, having failed in the more serious type of picture, they have wended their way toward comedy,



Many a young man's fancy turns to the springboard when *Derelys Perdue* exhibits her ability as a diver.

hence the reason for this great output of the "breezy films."

The producers, no doubt, have about exhausted their supply of "gags" and in sheer desperation have resorted to rather coarse means in their endeavors to obtain the desired result. They often succeed, but nine times out of ten it is the laugh of disgust that meets their ears.

All of which goes to sponsor censorship. Censorship is something we all have to swallow whether we like it or not. Just as we have to have law for the lawless, so we have to have censorship, for those who know no bounds of common decency.

Present day censorship is over-done, and smacks of ridicule. A group of "self-appointed, holier-than-thou" personages have taken upon themselves the task of keeping the country free from moral degradation. To do this they have gotten together a code of frivolous objections, and according to this set formula apply their scissors, dictating to the public, "Here it is! Take it and that's all there is to it."

Instead of taking dictation, the public should do the dictating, and not to inefficient employees, but to elected, salaried, intelligent men and women, whose brains are sharper than scissors.

HENRIETTE D. SIGMUND.

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Mildred Davis Makes Her Own Cakes

Mrs. Harold Lloyd was Miss Mildred Davis at the time of our introduction a year ago. You can guess how excited I was when a mutual friend offered to take me calling on my favorite movie star.

As we hurried up the porch steps, I could hear someone playing a piano inside and a sweet voice singing an old fashioned melody. A moment later, the door opened and Mildred herself welcomed us gaily. So much beauty dazzled me for a moment, and I'm afraid I must have appeared very stupid for a few seconds. But really Miss Davis is far more attractive in life than on the screen. Her coloring is ususually vivid, her eyes sea-blue, and she has the jolliest short blond curls imaginable. Vivacity and wit are both hers, and her funny stories of studio life kept us highly amused all evening.

Some time later, a delicious looking chocolate cake and pot of coffee made their appearance on the little tea table before the fireplace.

"You have a wonderful cook, Mildred," said my friend, after tasting of this ambrosia.

"Oh, I always make the family cakes," replied Miss Davis, just as if that were the customary thing for a popular movie star to do.

What impressed me most was the absence of any "manner" in Miss Davis. The term "upstage" could not apply to her, and the super-seriousness with which most screen people take themselves and their "art," is entirely missing from this little star's make-up. Her charming personality was still with me as I trudged homeward, an autographed photo grasped firmly in both hands.

LILLIAN STONE.

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When Theodore Roberts Came to Milwaukee

I want to tell you about a wish of mine that has come true. Stars have come and gone and finally the star I wanted to see most of all was announced. This star is Theodore Roberts. I wanted to see if he really had the characteristics I imagined he would have.

That night at the theatre I waited impatiently for his act, and when it was presented I was fascinated with his acting, as was everyone. He did not merely act, but lived the part he was portraying, even to the cigar which seems to help so much. It was wonderful, and though I have seen a number of actors, it meant everything to see Mr. Roberts, and we hope that sometime Milwaukee will again be honored with the presence of this wonderful actor.

HELENE T. GAEBEL.

Perkins Solves his Problem

The final instalment of *"Perkins' Predicament"* in which the man who wanted to commit suicide changes his mind once more

By Lee Brown

HORACE was excitedly gesturing with both hands and a cigarette holder as he lead Perkins up the street from the scene of the automobile accident. Together they had loaded the eleven suitcases into a taxicab and directed the driver to deposit them at Perkins' club. Now, he mysteriously insisted, there was an immediate appointment at an office building around the corner, which Perkins absolutely had to keep.

"Can't tell you any more than that about it right now, Perk, honest I can't," Horace was expostulating it response to Perkins' insistent inquiries.

"If it was my plan I'd tell you all about it, but it's Norma Angel's, and she said I couldn't tell you a word about it until it came off. All I c'n tell you is that she's just about the smartest woman in the world, and whenever she sets out to do a thing she usually does it. She found out who you were long before I even knew whether you'd given me a fake name. Seems you took her to dinner at the Ritz one night and she noticed that the headwaiter recognized you. Next day she interviewed him. Whatever loose ends she didn't pick up then or soon afterward she was able to fill in when she met Mrs. Smith and her daughter Marjorie at Uncle Alex's party last night."

"But what in heaven's name made her so infernally curious?" protested Perkins. From the first he had suspected the vampire of wicked designs of some sort or other, and had assumed that she thought him to be a rich young fool masquerading as a movie actor. But if she had found out the truth, that he could at best be considered no more than fairly well off financially, why on earth had she continued to evince any special interest in his personal affairs? He wished this amazingly attractive young woman wouldn't insist upon being so mysterious. It was puzzling, and he had always hated puzzles.

"Well," said Horace, "she said that you had been so magnanimous in doing favors for her—that is, for me, you know—and for other people, that she was determined somebody had to do a big favor for you. You do her an injustice, Perk, in all the time thinking of her as a vamp. Guess I ought to know—I'm going to make her Mrs. Jackson just as soon as she'll say the word. But believe me——" and he looked up at Perkins with a confidential wink——" if I'd only met that lovely Miss Marjorie Smith before you did, Mr. Perkins, I certainly would have given you a run for your money! Boy she's some girl I'm here to tell you! And with all that money she's got——"

"Oh dry up," growled Perkins irritably.

They had reached a skyscraper on Exchange Place, into which Horace shoved Perkins.

"This is the building in which Mrs. Smith's lawyer has his office," observed Perkins.

"That's where we're going," Horace complacently replied.

"What in the devil for, anyhow?"

PERKINS stopped short and looked back at the revolving door as though about to bolt.

"Norma Angel and some other people are waiting up there for you," said Horace. "Can't tell you what for—it's part of Norma's secret, but she wants you to come."

Just why "she wants you to come" could have such a magic effect upon him Perkins could not have told for the world, but the fact remained that he didn't even ask any further questions about the matter and a moment later was being shot up to the twentieth floor in an express elevator.

In the reception room Perkins and Horace found a delegation consisting of Mrs. Ebenezer Smith, her daughter Marjorie, Alonzo Q. Jones the lawyer, and the radiant Norma Angel. Perkins blinked in surprise at finding them assembled, awaiting him, and modestly started to retire to the hall. But Alonzo buttonholed him.

"Young man," announced that dignitary in his customary stentorian tones, but with an unaccustomed little twinkle in his eye, "You have been previously informed that the late lamented Ebenezer Smith devised a set of psychological tests that were to be successfully passed by any candidate who sought his daughter's hand.

Perkins nodded dismally. It was old news to him; somehow, though, it failed to depress him as much today as it had on previous occasions when he had allowed his mind to touch on the subject, and he wondered why.

"Whether or not a candidate has successfuly passed the tests," Mr. Jones continued, "was to be determined by an impartial committee of three, one of whom was to be selected by myself, one by Mrs. Smith, and the third by the two first selected."

Perkins nodded gloomily again, and glanced from Marjorie to Norma Angel. It was hardly fair to Marjorie, he could not help thinking, to be brought into such close proximity to a woman as lovely as Miss Angel. Made Marjorie show up to disadvantage. She however, seemed unconscious of this handicap.

"The Committe," concluded Alonzo Q. Jones, "is now prepared to proceed with your examination. This way, please, Mr. Perkins."

At which point it will have to be inserted that Mrs. Ebenzer Smith covertly blew a kiss to someone in th next room, the door of which had remained open all the while.

"If I couldn't pass those fool questions before, what makes you think it's worth tackling them again?" asked Perkins.

"This way, please," repeated Mr. Jones, and taking Perkins by the arm led him into the committee's private sanctum, the very room, in fact, into which Mrs. Smith had wafted a kiss but a moment before. At one end of the long oak table Perkins saw a shiny bald head bowed studiously over a mass of papers; at the other end, a shocky head of white hair poring over a similar mass. Somehow, both looked familiar. Horace himself, to Perkins' surprise, took the third seat, at the centre of the table.

And Perkins didn't know that in the outer room

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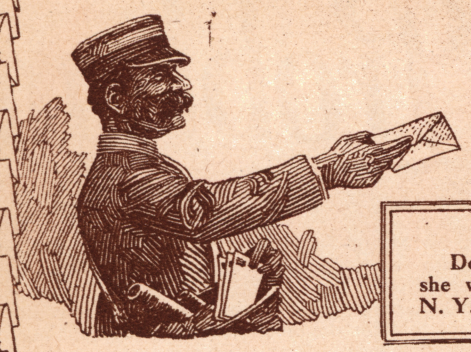
***Perkins* suddenly seized and brazenly embraced and boldly kissed the smiling vampire.**



Here's One Fan Nita Naldi Can't Vamp!

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

LLOYD FAN—So you don't like to see Nita Naldi play? There's no law compelling you to. As for my shipping Harold Lloyd to Florida, I'm not a shipping clerk, and anyway, perhaps Harold doesn't want to go to Florida. Yes, Pearl White has retired from the screen, but there is no way of telling whether or not she will change her mind and come back. Conrad Nagel is twenty seven years old. He has been married about five years to Ruth Helms. Yes, Tom Mix is that gentleman's real name. William Desmond is the husband of Mary McIvor. He doesn't give his age.

BOW-WOW—In other words, hot dog! Apparently William Duncan isn't making any pictures at present. I haven't heard anything of him lately.

HIS NIBS—I wasn't sure at first whether that signature was His Nibs or His Ribs. Write to Gloria Swanson at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. No, I'm afraid she doesn't answer her own fan mail. She couldn't possibly—she gets too much. The same is true of Bebe Daniels—also the same address. Yes, Stuart Holmes played the part of the husband in "Her Husband's Trademark." Ray Bloomer was the man Mae Murray married first in "The Broadway Rose," and Monte Blue was the hero.

BON AMI—If I answer your questions, you'll love me all my life. That's a large guarantee, don't you think? Lots of divorces are gotten because that promise can't be kept. I don't know where Lilliam Walker can be reached as she doesn't play on the screen any more; neither does Juanita Hansen. George O'Hara, care Robertson-Cole, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

A MOVIE FAN—You have always wondered where Norma Talmadge lives. Well, I'd hate to have you strain your mind over a thing like that. She lives in Los Angeles, but doesn't give out her home address. Write her at her studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

WAITING SUE—Well, I'm glad you're only waiting Sue instead of waiting *to* sue. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. No, Johnny Walker is not married. Wallace MacDonald doesn't give his age. Albert Roscoe played opposite Shirley Mason in "Lovebound"—I suppose that is the picture you mean instead of "Love Time."

MR. C. R. S.—Eva Novak is divorced from Frank Newberg. Yes, she has a daughter. Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel played opposite Pola Negri in "Bella Donna, and Charles De Roche in "The Cheat." Those are her only American pictures.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE—It's a same to have kept a charlotte russe waiting two months. They get stale so quickly too. But I answered your letter as soon as your turn came, which is all anyone can expect. I have a long waiting list, you know. Gloria Swanson has bought Norma Talmadge's former home at Bayside, Long Island, so

Did you know that *Gallagher* and *Shean* have become a trio? Our own *Gladys Hall* joined voices with them on a recent visit to the *Fox* studio.

I presume she expects to continue working at the Eastern studio for some time. Yes, she appeared very briefly in "Hollywood," as did practically all the stars. No annoucement has yet been made of the picture she will make now that "Zaza" is finished.

BLUE EYES—Sorry to disappoint you, but I must admit that Mary Miles Minter gets many letters. Unfortunately yours would not be the only letter in her week's mail. Her former home address was 701 N. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles, but she has moved from there, and I don't know her present address. However, your letter would doubtless be forwarded. She is twenty-one years old.

INQUISITIVE—No one can accuse you of being an inaccurate judge of yourself! William S. Hart is beginning work on a new picture, "Wild Bill Hickok." Betty Compson has never been married. She is five feet two inches tall—she doesn't give her age. Her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. I don't know whether or not she would send her picture free, but you can't lose anything by asking her. Fatty Arbuckle has been appearing in cabarets. Lila Lee's real name is Augusta Appel—do you need to ask why she changed it for stage purposes? Norma and Constance Talmadge use their real names.

A VALENTINO FAN—That, I think, might apply to most any moviegoer. Rudolph is abroad at present, so I don't know where you can reach him. He will appear in pictures next year when his Lasky contract expires.

FRECKLES—No, I'm afraid Pearl White would not send you her picture free of charge, as she isn't in movies any more. She has returned to Europe and no one knows where to reach her. She hasn't made any pictures since "Plunder."

PAT—Sad news, Pat. It's about as easy to get into movies as it is to fly a kite to the moon. And since you are only fourteen I would certainly advise you to keep on going to school for awhile; you wouldn't have a chance in pictures unless you had your share of education. Richard Talmadge is twenty-four, and is Italian. His real name is Richard Metzetti. He doesn't seem to have made any pictures in the past few months.

MADAMOISELLE INCOGNITO—I'd be incognito, too, if I were as inquisitive as you are. Movie Weekly never published a novelized version of any of the pictures you asked about. Forrest Stanley is married to Marian Hutchins; he has blond hair and blue eyes. He lives at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. I don't know how you could meet him, unless you go to his house disguised as the new cook or something. Movie Weekly never published a big picture of him.

LOUISE LANG—Yes, Louise, you receive your answer this time—and every other time, too, if you don't look for it too soon. Percy Marmont is married, I believe. He had blond hair and blue grey eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 150. No, Earle Williams hasn't any children. John Barrymore has a daughter about a year or so old.

THE BLUSH OF THE ROSES—My, but you're fancy, aren't you? Yes, there is a third Talmadge sister, Natalie. She played in a few pictures but was never a star. She is the wife of Buster Keaton, and there is talk of her return to the screen as her husband's leading lady. Richard Barthelmess and the Gish sisters will send their pictures free if you write them in care of their company, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Alice Terry's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St.., Hollywood. Write to Thomas Meighan at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mary Pickford is five feet tall; Norma Talmadge is five feet two.

A FAN—I am so glad you think Movie Weekly is interesting. You ask for an answer in the "next" Movie Weekly, that issue went to press long before you wrote your letter. You see, we go to press three weeks in advance so that all the fans in China and India can receive the magazine on publication date. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. He is married to Mary Hay. His address is Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Conrad Nagel is six feet and is 27 years old. He lives with his wife, Ruth Helms, at 1846 Cherokee Avenue, Los Angeles.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

House Peters, who enacts the leading role in "Held to Answer," has two big scenes in the picture—one a revivalist meeting, the other a scene before the Grand Jury.

"It's very much like another revivalist meeting I heard about," said Mr. Peters. "The evangelist was whooping it up, and the penitent sinners were hitting the sawdust trail in droves. One fellow, however, seemed backward, and the evangelist concentrated upon him, calling upon the fellow to confess his sins and be purged.

"'I'd gladly do it at any other time,' said the backslider, 'but the Grand Jury is in session just now.'

"'The Lord forgives!' cried the evangelist.

"'Yes,' replied the hesitant one, 'but the Lord ain't on the Grand Jury.'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jackie Coogan doesnt want to be known as Jack the Giant-Killer, but as Jackie the adage-killer. The particular old adage against which Jackie nurses a grievance is the one about all work and no play making Jack a dull boy.

"I work all the time," says Jackie, "but my work is my play, and my play is my work. Nothing dull around our shack, except the finish on my new express wagon."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Viola Dana, Rosemary Theby, Robert Schable, Mabel Van Buren, Templar Saxe, Billy White and Leo White were gossiping at one corner of the big Metro Hollywood studios while Oscar Apfel, the director, and Kate Jordon, the author, were standing close by, discussing a coming scene in the latter's story "In Search of a Thrill," which was to include Viola Dana and the entire cast.

"Yes," Mr. Apfel was heard to remark, laughing, "there's great doings at Deauville."

"Yes," mimicked Viola, "dough will do anything."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mae Murray, who has started production on her new Metro picture, "Fashion Row," is fond of telling this story:

A group of extras had gathered near a waterfront one day. They were talking about the weather and other things, when suddenly one of them espied an object in the water and said, "Oh, look at the body." It turned out to be a log, but one of the other extras said, "That reminds me of an article I saw in a paper not so long ago.

"A body was seen floating in the water. A little beyond the body was a head. The head was singing, "I Ain't Got No Body! I Ain't Got No Body!"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. L. T. Bradley, who is the stage director for the Broadhurst Theatre, and who has been in Italy for several weeks studying the production of motion pictures, returned recently on the White Star liner *Adriatic*, via Cherbourg.

"It is cheaper to make big pictures in Italy than in America," she said. "In the first place, the mobs we get there are good mobs and not riots as they are in New York and California, and as the people have costumes of their own in their daily apparel and fit into them, there is no expense of that nature. But not least is the fact that the sunny days in Italy and the remarkable light makes it look possible that many of the big productions, where thousands of people are needed, will hereafter be produced abroad and not at home."

The Reel Dope

One of the horsemen in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was a prominent figure in the spectacular chariot charge which is a feature of the Biblical prologue of Cecil B. De Mille's forthcoming production, "The Ten Commandments." Noble Johnson, who drives Pharaoh's chariot in the charge, played one of the horsemen in the vision scenes of the famous picture.

◈ ◈ ◈

Here is a style hint for women with raven black hair and large dark eyes. Try out a combination of black and gold. Designers at the Paramount West Coast studio recently made a costume of these colors for Pola Negri to wear in her third American picture, "The Cheat," and were somewhat surprised to find it one of the most charming they had yet produced for her.

"Dawgone," cries *May Allison*, "if they haven't caught me in the act!"

◈ ◈ ◈

A series of night scenes that kept his company at work until early morning hours, has just been completed by William De Mille in his new production, "The Marriage Maker."

◈ ◈ ◈

Gloria Swanson, who has been working strenuously for the past two months in "Zaza," is spending a vacation at her home in Great Neck, Long Island. She expects to begin work in another picture about the first of September.

◈ ◈ ◈

Duck Island, near Northport, Long Island, where there are many wild ducks, was recently the scene of much activity by Sam Wood and a company of players who were filming scenes in "His Children's Children." There is to be a duck hunting episode in the picture. Bebe Daniels, James Rennie and Mahlon Hamilton were the principals used in these scenes.

◈ ◈ ◈

James Cruze has completed "Ruggles of Red Gap," his production of Harry Leon Wilson's popular novel, with Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle and Louise Dresser featured. Anthony Coldeway adapted the story to the screen and Walter Woods acted as production editor.

◈ ◈ ◈

In "Stephen Steps Out," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s first starring picture, Theodore Roberts is to be featured with the thirteen-year-old star, with Noah Beery and Harry Myers heading the list of supporting players.

You might call it an all-star picture with such a notable male cast.

◈ ◈ ◈

May McAvoy's present visit to New York is her first in two years. The previous one was for the purpose of playing in "Sentimental "Tommy" at the Long Island studio of Paramount, and this one is so that she can have the featured role opposite Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower."

◈ ◈ ◈

Theodore Roberts received a unique honor on his recent visit to San Francisco for the purpose of filming scenes in Cecil B. De Mille's production, "The Ten Commandments." Fifty members of the alumnae of the old Washington Grammar School, including former mayors, politicians, lawyers and financiers, attended a vaudeville performance with him at gave him an ovation. Mr. Roberts was a pupil at the school sixty-four years ago.

◈ ◈ ◈

Leatrice Joy can become a milliner if she ever finds it necessary to give up motion pictures. She demonstrated this recently while making hats as a part of her role in the new Charles Maigne production, "The Silent Partner."

Perhaps this homey touch was just the thing needed to make "The Silent Partner" a convincing picture, for Miss Joy gave a very realistic portrayal of a wife.

Human Wreckage

(Continued from page 23)

maze of city streets, until it left the noise and grime of the metropolis behind and swung into the undulating reaches of the foothills that led away into the mountains beyond.

The relief in Ethel's heart, with Alan, white faced but determined, by her side, was profound, and she tightened her hold on his hand in her resolution to wage a ceaseless warfare with the monster that threatened her peace and happiness, until she came out of the fray, a victor.

Long purple shadows had begun to encompass the distant hills across which the road, like a lariat, was wound, and it was hours after sunset when the car stopped before a mountain cabin and Ethel and Macfarland alighted!

With hampers of provisions and blankets unloaded and placed within the cabin the chauffuer was dismissed, and husband and wife made themselves comfortable inside. Already the drug had begun to make its demands upon Marfarland, but he steadfastly sought to banish it from his mind. Ethel had watched him covertly for the first signs of his approaching struggle, and she knew now that the onslaught was not far off, and she braced herself for the ordeal.

AFTER they had eaten and had prepared the blankets of their adjoining beds for the night, Ethel only partially disrobed, fearful lest an outbreak occur at any time that would bring her struggling to the floor with her drug-crazed husband. In spite of her fears, however, she fell asleep after the long ride, and it was not until almost daybreak that she was awakened by the sight of Macfarland standing over her, white and haggard.

"Ethel!" he was saying. "I can't stand it. I've got to go back."

"Alan!" she cried, springing up. "Remember what we said, that your struggle would at first be the hardest. You must be strong now,—when it needs your strength the most. And remember that the longer you go, the easier it will be. Remember that Alan, darling."

The drug-afflicted man only shook his head blindly and repeated his desire to return to town and the drug's solace that awaited him there.

"But, Alan!" Ethel pleaded. "You can't go now, dear. You're too far from there. And the car has gone back."

It took Macfarland a minute or so to grasp the situation; then, his plight realized, he turned in fury upon the woman who had been the cause of it all.

"Then, its your fault," he cried wildly, as he groped toward her. "It's your fault for sending that car away."

Ethel eluded his grasp and strove to reason with him.

"Alan, darling," she pleaded, "Don't you remember that we arranged to do all this? That it was to help you fight this weakness for drugs? That I tried--that I'm trying to help you, dear?"

Her words, the purport of which penetrated the fog surrounding his brain, brought him back to some semblance of reason. He paused, his body relaxing, his face drawn with the tortures of the havoc going on within him.

"Oh, I know!" he gasped huskily. "I'll try to remember, Ethel, dearest."

He lay down again on his bed adjoining hers, and fearfully she watched him, as she dressed and started to prepare breakfast for them both. There was no use, she realized fully in attempting to sleep again. She was up now for the day, and it was likely to prove a long day, she thought, before it was through.

Not only that day but the day following and those that succeeded up to the number of seven or eight were long days for Ethel Macfarland while she fought the hydra-headed monster that sought to ruin her life and happiness. It was a desperate, a bitter battle, but never once did Ethel flinch in facing it, while she walked with her husband through his days and nights of tortured anguish. And she would win, she knew, ultimately, come what may!

Thus, after ten days had passed, a new Alan Macfarland had come to take the place of the old. His skin was now clear and firm instead of haggard, as it had been during the seige of the drug's demand, and his whole being exhaled physical fitness, reaped from the harvest of long mountain walks with Ethel by his side.

High up on a cliff they lay one day after Macfarland had ceased to hear the clamor within him that twisted his nerves as though they were being torn between a rack and thumbscrew.

"Ethel, dearest," Macfarland murmured, as she lay with her head in his arms, even as she had lain when they were first married. "What a fight it's been, and I owe it all to you, dear."

Ethel smiled happily, and he bent and kissed her.

"It's a victory for my man," she said softly. "And that's all I care about, darling."

In another day they were ready to leave and, by a pre-arranged plan, the car appeared to bear them with their belongings back to town again.

It was another home that Alan Macfarland entered. His library, the inferno of his last occupancy, seemed radiant with cheer, and the desk so littered with papers, a place where already he found himself longing to be at work again—quite in contrast to the mood that had possessed him before he left it with Ethel for the mountains a few weeks before.

Happily, Ethel went about her home, leaving Alan in the library and ascending to her own domain above. Hardly had she vanished from the lower floor, than the bell of the outer door sounded and a servant appeared before Macfarland to say a Mr. Stone had called.

The jaw of Alan Macfarland squared. "Show him in," he directed.

The servant withdrew and a moment later, Stone entered, as confidently as before, and without invitation lighted a cigar, while he stared arrogantly at Macfarland.

"Where the blazes have you been?" he demanded offensively meeting the lawyer's cool gaze with brazen impudence. "I've been waiting for you to come back and defend me in court."

Macfarland made no reply but continued to stare his caller through and through.

"Oh!" Stone suddenly recalled. "Got something for you. Guess you need it, too." His hand searched in his pocket and an instant later withdrew a tiny phial of white pellets which he tossed to Macfarland.

The lawyer ignored the phial with the result that it fell upon the floor. His heel descending upon it an instant later ground the entire contents into white glittering dust. Stone stared in astonishment.

"What the——" he began, but he got no farther.

With a stride Macfarland had reached him and seized him, and after a smashing blow in the face beneath which the drug peddler fell like a stricken ox, the strong arm of the lawyer dragged him again to his feet and swung him, under a deluge of heavy kicks and blows, to the outer door and hurled him to the street below where he fell a weak tottering mass.

Ethel, from the upper window, had witnessed the departure of Stone, and she hastened down now to inquire its reason.

"Just getting rid of a very dirty scoundrel, darling," was all Macfarland told her as he took the girl to whom he owed his life in his arms and reverently kissed her.

THE END.

Perkins' Predicament

(Continued from page 25)

his prospective mother-in-law was smiling contentedly and confiding to an almost tearful vampire that:

"When you come right down to the facts in the case, Miss Angel, if Mr. Alexander Crabshaw thinks Mr. Perkins is all right, he must be all right. And Petrucio Perkins is such a—historic name, don't you think so? That's his middle name, you know, dearie. I've the greatest respect in the world for Mr. Crabshaw's opinion—he's such a distinguished sort of man, and I'm told his social standing is wonderful."

"Very prominent man," agreed Miss Angel, in purring tones, "but," she added under her breath, "Pete Perkins is about ten times too good a man for this empty-headed daughter of yours. If I'd known what a ninny she was I'l be hanged if I'd have made the sacrifice even if Perkins did think he was in love with her." She bit her lip to keep from crying out loud that never again in all her life would she give way to the impulse to play the role of noble heroine. She'd tried it this time and as a result she was miserable.

Inside the conference room Horace was sententiously reading the first question aloud.

"What is the distance, in degrees, from Baluchistan to Tuscon, Arizona?"—Time allowed, one second."

Perkins heart beat widly. But he might as well make a stab at it, he—confound it, he didn't care anyhow.

"Five thousand, two hundred and eighty," he faltered, and even before he finished saying it he realized that he had gotten the answer confused with the number of feet in a mile. But it was just as well. He didn't know the answer anyhow.

The judges at either end of the table solemnly nodded their bowed heads in approval.

"Answer is correct," announced the Chairman. "Next question."

"What famous figure in history said 'Give me Liberty of give me death'?"

"Sounds like George M. Cohan," faltered Perkins, almost certain he was wrong.

This time the judges raised their heads and in unison said, "Correct."

But Perkins was looking at the two judges and rubbing his eyes for fear those optic organs were playing tricks on him. No, they weren't. The fuzzy red beard remained under the bald head, at the right, after each rub—this scientific judge, who had been selected by the other two after their own appointments, was the Hoboken inventor whose submarine device Perkins had put on the map. The other's tight-pressed lips and mutton chop whiskers also stayed there when closely scrutinized. Indubitably it was Uncle Alex. Norma's incomparable scheme to win him the girl she thought he wanted was working like a charm. He would pass the test with flying colors no matter how many mistakes he made, for the judges were friends of his . But now that victory was at last within his grasp——

"Excuse me a minute gentlemen," he exclaimed on the impulse of a moment's madness, and without waiting dashed out to the reception room.

"Marjorie," he gasped, "do you realize that Horace Jackson is crazily in love with you?"

Ebenezer Smith's daughter turned pale.

"Oh if I had only been sure of th—th—that before——" she stammered, rising to her feet in uncertainty. "I—I—thought——"

Perkins pushed her gently toward the open door of the committee room—to gladden the heart of Horace.—and then, completely ignoring the presence of the outraged Mrs. Smith, he suddenly seized, and brazenly embraced, and boldly kissed—the smiling vampire. Perkins had got used to taking risks and liked 'em.

THE END.

"I Need to Be Treated Rough"

(Continued from page 11)

an unspoken question in our mind. "If any man I liked was rough with me—I'd be off him for life." And she laughed merrily, a rippling girlish laugh that was pleasant indeed to hear.

She told us many things about herself, how she rarely used perfume; how she had a bird in New York of which she was extraordinarily fond, and a mother in Los Angeles to whom she had written telling to expect a certain young friend to visit for a while who, unknown to Miss Rousee's mother, was none other than Dolores herself. And we simply sat back and took in all of her gorgeous youth and beauty and charm, and thanked heaven that there were still such wonderful things as girls in the world to restore ones failing faith in the human family.

So another "Follies" girl has gone into the films which makes us wonder if we are to be thankful for the gain the screen has made or the loss Mr. Ziegfeld has suffered. All things considered—and particularly Miss Rousee—we feel we should be thankful. And for her sake we are.

The Confessions Of A Movie Star's Husband

(*Continued from page* 5)

an invitation to go to New York and meet Mr. Abraham Silverstein, President of the Supreme Talent Moving Picture Company means anything——"

"Moving pictures!" I gasped. "Vivian——"

"Come home. I want to talk to you about it," she insisted.

"I can't come home," I protested. "My business——"

"Henry W. Morton," she said, "do you want to sit down there and count your smoked herrings one by one when your wife has just been elected the most beautiful woman in the world?"

"I'll come home," I said, weakly. Whenever Vivian talks about my business, I wilt. She has always been a little ashamed of having a man who smoked herrings.

Well, that was the start. The newspapers and the magazines were filled with pictures of Vivian. I had to take a week off from the office to go with her to New York, where we met Mr. Abraham Silverstein. That interview was the beginning of the end for me. Mr. Silverstein seemed to think that I was an altogether unnecessary person, largely in the way. He paid no more attention to me than if I were still in my home town, except to ask me what business I was in. And when I replied "smoked herrings," he pursed his lips and said:

"Aha! For the first time I know that smoked herrings is a business. In fact, I didn't even know people smoked herrings any more; I thought they smoked cigarettes! That's a good one, what? Ha, ha, ha! We must have our jokes, mustn't we, little girl?"

And then he turned his back on me completely while he talked to my little girl. At least she had been mine until we came into that office. But now I had to sit there and listen to Silverstein inform her that she no longer belonged to anyone, that her beauty was to be the priceless property of the world. He flattered her to the skies. He told her that if she could only act a little, she would become the darling of America, the smiling sweetheart of the world.

Every now and then I tried to intrude a sentence or so, but I might just as well have tried to speak to an animated automaton. Silverstein paid no attention to me at all. He had forgotten that I was in the room, and what was worse was that Vivian, too, had forgotten me. Her eyes were shining and her lips were parted and her cheeks were red and her head was thrown back a trifle, as if she were enchanted at the prospects this fat little stranger was disclosing to her innocent eyes.

"Contract—we've got to have a contract with you, little girl," Silverstein insisted. "But first we should see whether you can act. Tomorrow you come out to the studio and we make a test picture and——"

"What is a test picture?" breathed Vivian.

"Oh, nothing at all. All you got to do is make faces. You look scared, you look mad, you look disappointment, you look pleasure, you laugh, you cry, that's all."

I have no wish to open old wounds unnecessarily. The memory of those days is distressing to me. Vivian was angry with me because, try as I would, I could not share in her enthusiasm. She said I was selfish and mean; that I was spoiling her glad hours by being grumpy and morose. I tried to be pleasant about everything, but I am not an actor. All that I could think of was the fact that my wife was swimming out of my pond into a broad and flowing, perhaps treacherous, river, rushing forward to what sea no one could tell.

It is enough to say that she passed the test surprisingly, though not unduly, well. In the beginning, Vivian was no wonderful actress. She has worked very hard to achieve the art which she now displays so triumphantly. But she had the germ, and the studio director was sharp enough to see it.

"I predict a great future for this young lady," he said, and this was considered amazing praise from a man as taciturn and reserved as was Delton, the director.

The whole aspect of our lives was instantly altered. Vivian had been offered a contract of $10,000 a year. I had never made more than $4,000 in all my life. She was all for my giving up the smoked herring business, but that I stubbornly refused to do. Half humorously I told her:

"I may have to give up my wife, but I will not give up my smoked herrings."

I tried to laugh about it, but there was a sadness in my heart which I tried to keep her from seeing. In fact, I do not believe that she would have discovered my feelings so early in the game if it had not been for an incident that occurred just before our return home. We had agreed to go back to the home town and talk over matters there, and decide just what readjustments it would be necessary for us to make. The first picture in which Vivian was to appear was to be made in the studio at College Point, Long Island.

I had gone down to Pennsylvania Station to engage reservations for our return trip on the Congressional Limited. With the tickets in my pocket, I came back to the Waldorf, where we had been staying. As I opened the door of my room, I beheld a scene which sent my senses reeling.

Vivian was standing in the center of the living room, clasped in the arms of a tall, golden-haired, insipid looking man, who was saying to her:

"Your soul must wake up, my darling. I love you! I want to draw the love out of you through your lips. Kiss me, my beautiful!"

(*To be Continued.*)

Photographing Yourself Among the Clouds

(*Continued from page* 21)

picture taking," we reminded, for we were anxious to learn just how one took one's own picture while moving through space a couple miles above the earth.

"Oh!" she laughed, "that was easy. You see the camera was stationed ahead of me, attached to the aeroplane, and it was run by a motor. I had a board strapped to one of my legs with typewritten instructions as to just what I should do."

"The idea of the whole thing was that Lionel Barrymore who played opposite me was supposed to be in another plane and we were exchanging glances with each other. On my knee was the list of instructions of just what faces I was to make, and after we were up the desired height of two miles, I started the camera by turning a switch and then began to make faces at the occupant of the imaginary other plane while sailing over the Canadian Rockies far below."

"Well, well, well," we exclaimed as we rose to go, "that surely was an experience!" And good old Ben Conlon sagely nodded his agreement.

Bill Hart Face Analysis

(*Continued from page* 18)

the domestic instinct. He is shrewd in his judgments, swift to receive an idea or an impression, and is logical in his reasoning.

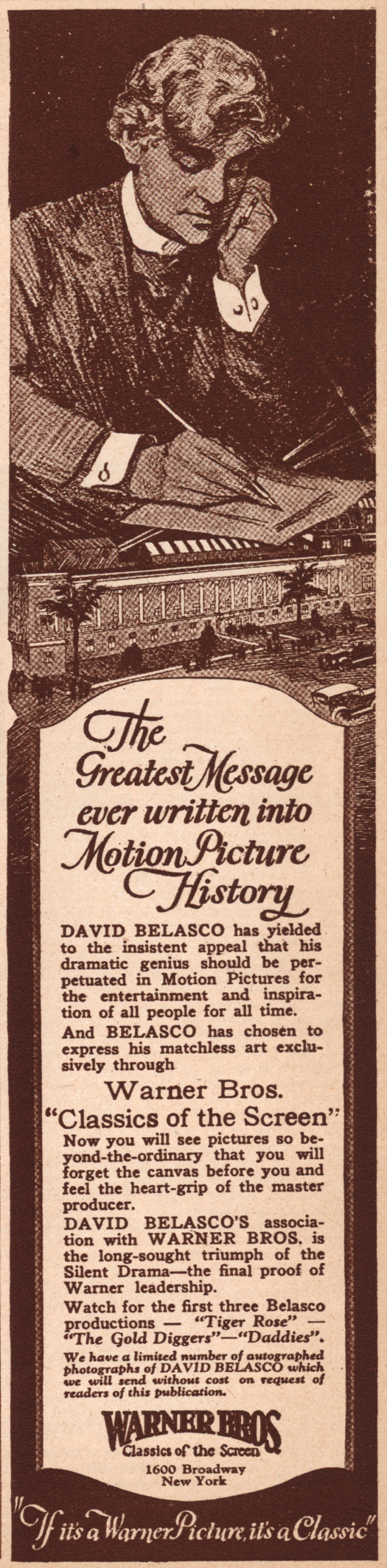
There is every indication of honesty, and reliability present. He is an appreciator of character and enjoys with quiet humour all that is odd or whimsicial in human nature. But he does not stand an aloof spectator, smiling with superioity, but rather associates himself with whatever appeals to him.

There is not a little commercial acumen in his face. It is doubtful if he would ever buy a gold brick, in the old expression. And he is highly sensitive, easily wounded by attacks or slurs which are foreign to his own understanding.

The features all bear out his capability. He is able to succeed in many diverse ways, and his character is so unlike that of the conventional theatrical type, that I am forced to conclude that chance more than choice played a part in his selection of a theater career.

Modesty is certainly present, a quality not frequently distributed with a lavish hand among actors. He is slightly pugnacious, but never seeks contest for its own sake, but only in case his personal canons are violated. He is certainly far removed from the unchanging pugnacity of his familiar roles. His face shows concentration and analysis to some extent.

So often has he played, so familiar is he to nearly everyone who has even heard of the films, that his character has made itself *felt* long before this. He requires little analysis at my hands. The public has already tested and approved him. And the large kindliness of his character, his protective spirit and rich humour will always win him an army of affectionate followers.



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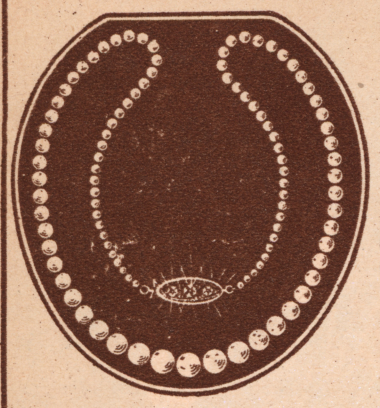

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

tremendous amount of posing. He is at his best in a good fight, or, on horseback, or in long shots that prevent us from seeing his attempts at emotional acting.

The director has been guilty of one sin: that of permitting his leading woman, Virginia Browne Faire, to dress in riding habits in the supposed midst of the northwestern wilderness, and then of turning up on another day in a dress which must have grown on one of the big trees of the forest.

This, you may reply, is only a small detail. It is indicative, however, of the calibre of the production, which is just another one of the northwestern affairs which infest the screen. Why anyone should be interested in the northwest as it is usually revealed on the screen is a puzzle unsolved by this reviewer.

The best acting of the production is done by James O.. Barrows, as the old and rather befuddled father of the hero. Virginia Browne Faire, the heroine, is decidedly stiff.

A commonplace outdoor film with a fairly compelling ending.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR

A Serial in Five Reels

Presented by Fox Film Corporation with a cast composed of Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, Richard Tucker, Alan Hale, Walter McGrail, June Elvidge, Fred Kelsey and Nigel de Brullier. Directed by Bernard J. Durning. Reviewed by M. S. Werner.

Boys of all ages, sit up and take notice. There is a thrill to every foot of this film. Lest there be the slightest doubt that this is a melodrama, whose only purpose is to entertain, the audience is notified to this effect in a foreword. Are there some optimists who love to say "Look at the movies today—what strides they've made since the industry was in its infancy?". If so, let them see this picture and realize that movies are just what they were in the good old days when kids could get in two for a nickel, and a two reel film was considered a super-feature. Except for Shirley Mason's costumes, there is nothing in this picture to indicate that we are not looking at a Pearl White or Ruth Roland adventure serial. Indeed, this *is* a serial of the conventional sort, compressed into one performance.

The plot deals with the secret formula of a high explosive, greatly coveted by two opposing factions, one faction being directed by Marvin Hackett, head of an iron foundry, and an ammunition plant, also custodian of his niece Barbara Hackett's fortune. The other faction is led by a fanatical prince, who wants the formula as an instrument for gaining power over all the nations on the globe. This prince's domicile is where all the good old serial hokum is brought into play. What with trick tables, sliding panels, sinister cohorts of masked villains, and mystic symbols—say, it even has a "Clutching Hand" in it! Remember the "Clutching Hand" of about ten years ago?

Incidental to the struggle for the possession of the formula, we are regaled by villains (such villainous villains, too) being thrown into vats of molten metal, more villains (and once the hero) being thrown to a bunch of snarling, leaping, angry lions, a submarine firing on an aeroplane and the thrilling descent from a parachute. After a final desperate fight in the iron foundry, all the villains are either at the bottom of the melted metal vat or thrown to the lions or at the bottom of the sea, except one, who confesses and is restored to favor, and the muscular hero, an extremely handsome giant by the name of Charles Jones reveals his true identity, and it transpires that Shirley Mason has had the sample of the explosive in a perfume bottle all the time.

This picture gives Shirley a chance to show that she is marvel at fancy diving, a tolerably fair dancer, and the possessor of an extremely shapely, if diminutive figure, and of a winsome face. If in search of thrills, don't miss this. If hokum annoys your effect taste, avoid it. The kids will love it.

Is There A Love That Lives Forever

(*Continued from page* 12)

don't, honestly, care much about going about with actresses. I haven't many friends in the profession. Taking a prominent actress out hasn't any 'kick' for me. I'm not interested. I don't know why. I've never stopped to analyze it.

"Mostly, I want to be married again. I'm terribly lonely. I'm lonely when I'm with people and that's the most terrible loneliness of all. Its not that I'm afraid of it, or cowardly. If my experience in the past two years has taught me one thing it has taught me not to be afraid. *Of anything.* If ever I was a coward, I am no longer. I am afraid of nothing in life and I am not afraid of death. I know now that one can survive anything.

"Marriage taught me to believe in love. In the fact of love. In its possible everlastingness. I can say no more and no less than that."

Can A Small Town Girl Know Life

(*Continued from page* 7)

"Just say," laughed Miss Fontanne, "that I put on an awfully good make-up."

Which remark proves that Miss Fontanne has a lovely sense of humor as well as lovely other things, such as eyes and hair and the provocative nose.

"Seriously," she continued, "the movies did that for me. I mean they taught me the value of a good make-up. I used to be more or less careless and went to no particular pains about my stage make-up. But the camera—it's so cruel and unrelenting you know, and catches every little defect. Nothing escapes—it even seems to get what you're *thinking* about. There's no such thing as having a secret from it."

"What's the new picture?" we inquired.

"I've just finished doing a part in 'Second Youth,' a picture for the Distinctive Company. It was a rather small part, but it was a great experience—appearing before the camera, I mean. You know it was my first picture."

"Five minutes," came a voice from outside.

"That's the call boy," announced Miss Fontanne. "It means the curtain rises in five minutes."

So we had to leave this fascinating girl of the big city to play the small town girl for an enthusiastic matinee audience.

Dancing—A Short Cut To Screen Fame

(*Continued from page* 10)

hand has ruined many a career for an aspiring actress. When a movie heroine, who is supposed to be graceful and beautiful, walks out on the stage as though her feet hurt her, we cannot help but feel sorry for the poor lady.

Many movie stars realize the value of dancing and quite frequently they will take up this art after they have been in pictures a year or two.

Perhaps not the least of the advantages to be derived from dancing is the development of personality. This suggestion is good for a laugh until you give it your serious thought. The good dancer, through ridding himself of timidity and awkwardness, by gaining poise and self confidence, and by developing coordination of the mind and body, is master of himself. Because he has learned the power of expression he is actually able to put his best foot foremost. It is possible for him to show to the world his better self, or in other words, the best that is in him. That is only one way in which he can develop his personality. The rest is done for him.

I could go on forever to tell of the many reasons why the good dancers make the most successful screen actors. I am afraid, however, that if I keep on, the editor will get tired of reading and throw this manuscript in the wastebasket, with the result that all my good reasons will have been given in vain.

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News of the Stars

Elsie Ferguson will begin her season in "The Wheel of Life," a play by George Bernard Fagen, at the Auditorium, Baltimore, Sept. 24th. The following week Marc Klaw intends bringing her to New York, where she will appear a one of the Shubert theatres. Since Miss Ferguson appeared in the play last season on tour, it has been rewritten in spots.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Hampton Del Ruth, film author and producer, is bankrupt. This is the second occasion on which he has passed through the bankruptcy courts. His liabilities are $19,195.21, with no assets. Merchants are principally named creditors. Del Ruth failed about ten years ago, when he was a legitimate producer, but later paid all of his creditors in full.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Another "Follies" girl has gone the movie route, Lillian Woods, who left to go to the Boardwalk, and from there to the Strand Roof, thence to California with a three-year contract with the Clifford S. Elfelt productions. Blanche Mehaffy is playing in Hollywood with Hal Roach, and Betty Dudley is working for Fox. All three are from the present "Follies."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Joseph Attie, production manager at the Pacific Studios, San Mateo, Cal., and Gladys Hoffman, screen actress, were secretly married a few weeks ago. The news became public this week when the couple were discovered honeymooning in Los Angeles.

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Edmund Goulding, who wrote several of Dick Barthelmess' screen successes, has closed a contract to write a play with Edgar Selwyn for the Selwyns to produce. It is entitled "Dancing Mothers," and is to deal largely with the hectic dance hall life of the present.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Margaret Leahy's winning of the Talmadge beauty prize has resulted in a boom in so-called film "schools." Three have sprung up in London's West End; one at least being the new enterprise of a woman, by name Quigley, who, it is reported, has only recently been liberated after serving imprisonment for getting money by false pretences out of screen-struck fools.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. Rupert Hughes, wife of Rupert Hughes, noted author and picture director, sailed recently from San Francisco on the *S. S. President Lincoln* for a tour of the Orient.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Frank Keenan, of picture fame, appeared in "Peter Weston" at the Sam Harris, New York, early this month.

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The purchase is reported by Al Jolson of the estate on Fenimore Road at Scarsdale, N. Y., near White Plains.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Tom Moore, picture actor, is to appear in "The Cup," a drama.

Moore was an actor on the speaking stage prior to entering the picture field more than 10 years ago.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Miles Minter may possibly be found in the new Ziegfeld "Follies," according to a statement the picture star has made in Los Angeles. She stated, it is said, that she had received a telegram from Flo Ziegfeld making her an offer for his new show.

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Rudolph Schildkraut, father of Joseph, will play the title role in "The Jazz King," a comedy drama by Herbert Richard Lorenz, instead of Lew Fields, who will go on tour in "Jack and Jill" this season.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Robert Warwick intends to be an actor-manager and is negotiating to produce "Gypsy Jim," a comedy drama by Milton Herbert Gropper, in which he is to appear in the leading role.

The Orpheum circuit, the western big-time vaudeville chain, seems to be making a steady drive to secure "names" from pictures as headliners in acts, mostly sketches, in its houses for next summer. It appears to be in line with the recently expanded playing policy of the Orpheum for its large coast twice-daily theatres.

The Orpheum's coast general representative, is said to have been doing considerable missionary work for his circuit among the picture stars at Hollywood. The latest approached are mentioned as taking in Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Dalton, although if the Dalton engagement is consummated, it may be in the east, as Miss Dalton lately returned to New York from a visit abroad.

Will Colored Movies Bankrupt Film Companies?

(*Continued from page* 9)

their favorite stars in the event of such a financial earthquake shook the film world. The bankruptcy of several, or all, of the most prominent producing companies might offer cause for comment in fandom, and occasion for passing regret. But, no more than this unless such an unfortunate state of affairs meant the passing of their favorites from the screen.

Already I can hear the Tom Meighan group plaintively asking what would happen to him if Famous Players-Lasky went to the wall. And from those who have come to look for the dark charm of Nita Naldi's eyes I imagine I hear an anxious cry concerning what would be her fate in this case.

Would Lillian Gish fade from the glamourous horizon of her fame? . . . What would happen to Mary Pickford, and Doug? Would Charlie Chaplin have to go around looking for a job with whoever owns and patents the color process?

These are all questions that are pertinent to the fans. But, unfortunately they are questions which cannot be accurately answered at the present moment. There are those who believe that all of the stars of the present might find places in the sun of their fame under the management of the company controlling the color films. And, again, there are those who feel that new stars would be created to take the place of our present movie lights. In this matter time alone can be the only arbiter.

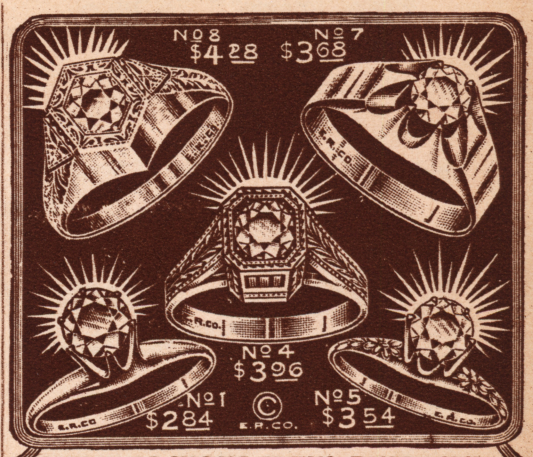
Would You Bury Your Beauty for Screen Fame?

(*Continued from page* 21)

picture, I played a clubwoman mother. Perhaps not so sweet or so full of self-abnegation, as an old old fashioned world would interpret it, but just as fond of her daughter as any other mother. This was a well dressed fairly plain mother, efficient rather than sweetly appealing, her face more that of the student of affairs rather than that of the sweet old stay-at-home mother.

Because I have stressed the point of knowing the thought-processes of your characters, do not think that I mean to skimp the point of physical make-up. Learn the technique of screen make-up. Stage make-up which would "get by" and please would be most unconvincing on the screen. Personally, I get my best results with the use of purple, blue, brown and red, for lines and moulding. Lines and wrinkles cannot be too sharp, in screen make-up. They must be softly blurred with the finger tips, so that when the camera glimpses them and they are projected on the screen they will not be too sharp and clearly defined.

I receive many letters from women thirty-five and over who seem to feel that because they have passed early youth that they have no chance for a screen career. This is not true, for at that age any woman with the proper opportunity and with applied study can play many roles. The screen is not purely a market for youth and pulchritude. When I was twenty-five I was playing old women and other character parts because women of thirty and up did not want to drop their youth and made up for flapper roles. Personally I wanted to do character acting and learned much through their lack of foresight. What was obnoxious to them was opportunity to me to improve myself as an actress. The same opportunity is open to the earnest woman approaching forty and on.



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Can a Small Town Girl Know Life?

BEGINNING
The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband
Page 3

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